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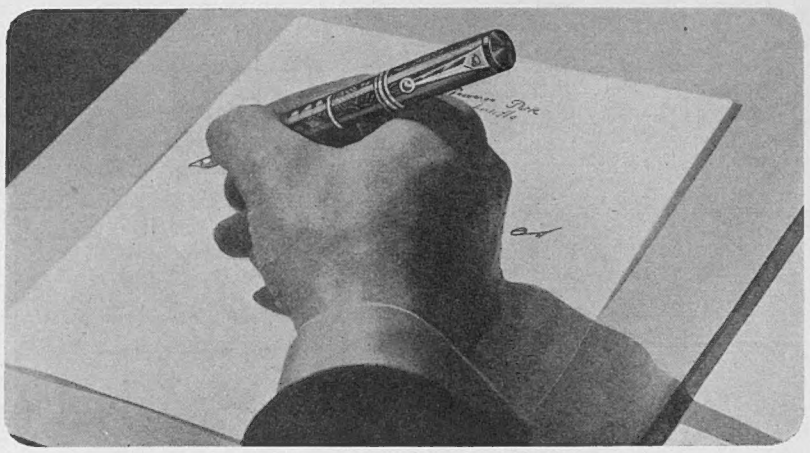

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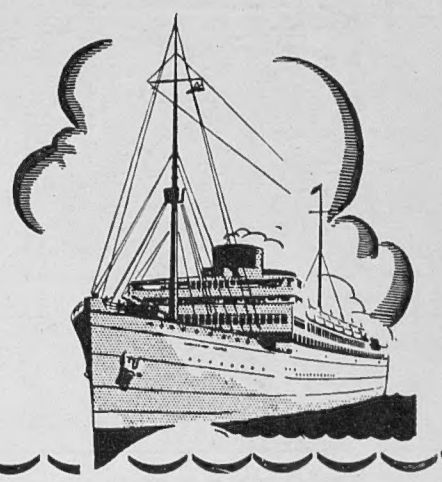

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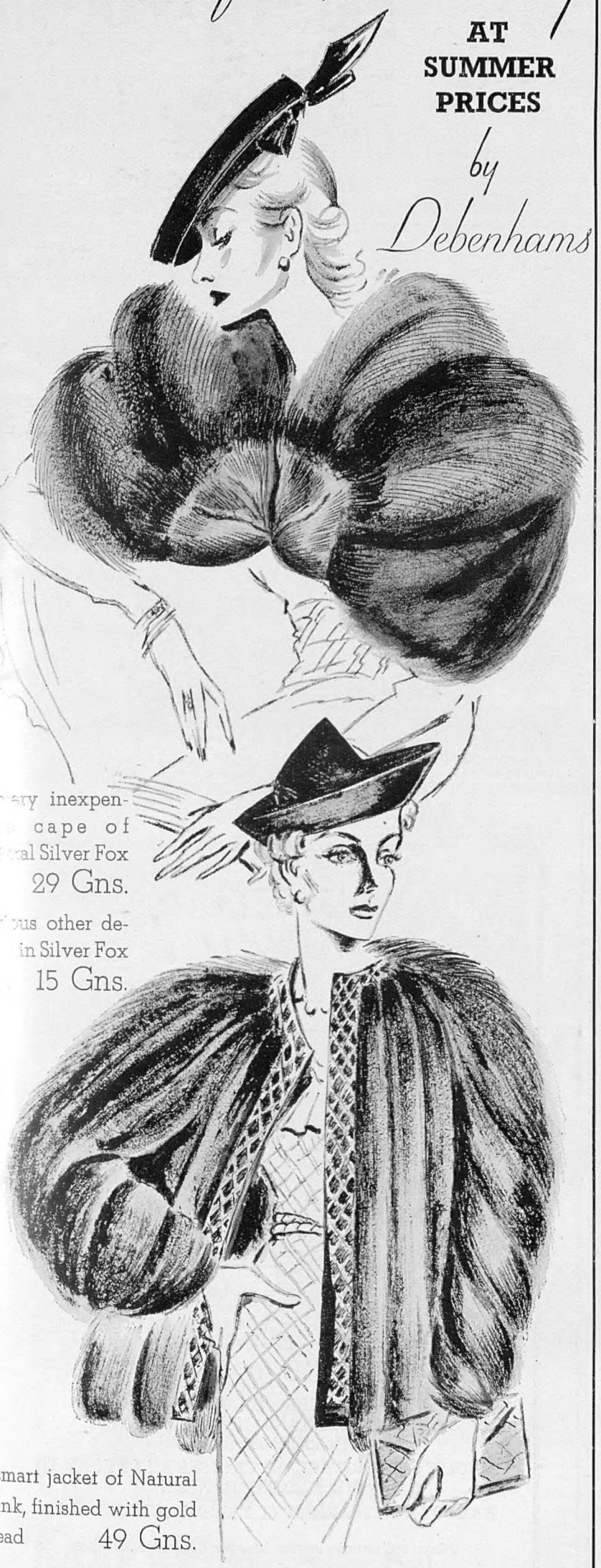

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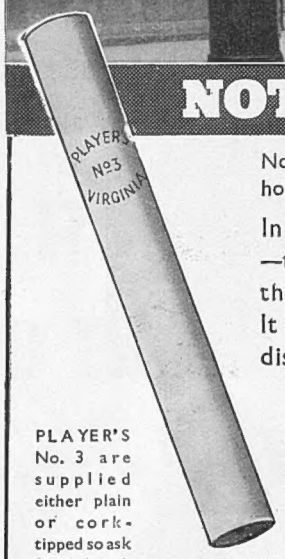

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 30, 1938

SIR JOHN SIMON MAKES IT 5s. 6d.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer Leaving the Treasury with Lady Simon on the Way to Deliver His Budget Speech

A quarter of a century ago, when Britain's expenditure was low and income tax was no more than 1s. 2d. in the £, excitement ran high on Budget day, the House of Commons was crowded to the very doors, and if, perchance, fresh demands were made upon the public—demands that to-day would seem trifling—the chorus of protest was loud and long, the imposition was deemed beyond all reason. But now, in this year of grace, Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in introducing his first Budget has raised income tax another 6d. in the £ to 5s. 6d. and, *mirabile dictu*, Britain grumbles, shoulders the burden, and carries on. Sir John's Budget is certainly one of the most surprising of modern times, as surprising, perhaps, as some perpetrated by Mr. Lloyd George; but to bridge the £30,000,000 gap created by the needs of the re-armament programme he had but two courses open to him, and of those he chose to increase income tax rather than to make further loans, acting on the belief "that there is a willingness and even a pride in the humblest home to take a share in re-armament for defending that home from peril. The load," he said, "will assuredly be carried with the dogged determination and dauntless courage of the British race." As regards indirect taxation, Sir John had two surprises. He increased the levies both on petrol and tea, thereby distributing the burden among all classes

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THE BUDGET-MAKER: Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir John Simon upon whom the eyes of the nation were turned this week, when on Tuesday he made his Budget speech and outlined how Britain was to find the enormous sum of £32,000,000 more to meet the needs of the re-armament programme

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, April 27, 1938.

THE ACADEMY: SEASONABLE CRITICISM.—Mr. Wyndham Lewis has come with the cuckoo, and his note of criticism of the R.A. selectors is a hardy annual. What Mr. Wyndham Lewis says usually delights me, for he is an original, but somewhere at the back of my mind I search for recollection of similar criticism levelled at the selectors in past years and centuries. "The Academy does not know what Art is." "One or two geniuses are rejected by the selectors every year and grow discouraged." Did anybody ever know what Art is? Is any painting accepted as "Art" from its completion to its final destruction continuously? And has there ever been a time when genius did not suffer a rebuff at the hands of even honest-to-God judges? And was genius ever discouraged? If you observe the agonies, the Delphic pronouncements, and the patent inconsistencies of the art critics of any age; if you remember that Vermeer starved, Cotman painted pot-boilers, Keats was laughed out of court, Epstein is still worshipped and still tarred and feathered; if you recall that "sound" advisers on Art "skied the Gainsboroughs" to hang on the line the Landseers or the Winterhalters; if you remember in your hot youth the critics on young Sargent—then you may, you will, you must, confess the truth that art and taste in art are matters of fashion, seasonal certainties anxiously arrived at by a small band of highly nervous dictators with a larger following of intellectual snobs or sheep ever ready at a sign from above to switch over and to condemn vigorously what once was worshipped next idolatry. And to the large proportion of the human race matters of art signify nothing at all. "Cuckoo!" sing Mr. Lewis and Mr. John in unison.

THE MYSTERY OF "GREY OWL": A picture of the Canadian naturalist (taken with Lord Sempill at a luncheon in London), following whose death a controversy has raged regarding his parentage. Grey Owl always claimed he was half-Indian, his mother being an Indian woman of the Apache tribe in Arizona, but certain other evidence of a surprising nature has since come to light. It is claimed that from boyhood he was always "playing Red Indians" and that his subsequent life was a natural sequel to that early infatuation, leading him to hide the fact that he was of white origin

HENRY NEWBOLT.—Henry Newbolt died at a fairly ripe age last week. He is represented in the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* by four poems—"Drake's Drum," "He Fell Among Thieves," "Commemoration," and "Clifton Chapel," a very representative selection from his works. They show him for what he was, the poet of the old school tie, an Oxford Kipling with a little of Kipling's range and genius and none of his roughness. The chosen selection are masterpieces of their kind, polished and "word perfect." And Newbolt was one of the few poets of our time who made poetry pay. I confess to have admired his poetry in my youth and to read him still sometimes with pleasure to-day, when I read little poetry but Shakespeare's. "Drake's Drum" is part of our heritage as a maritime power, and "Clifton Chapel" and "He Fell Among Thieves" are *loci classici* for the public school tradition and the English country house and Empire. Newbolt who was a good judge of poetry and literature, wrote very little that was trash, and several poems of which no poet in the old tradition need have been ashamed. His poetry elevated, and fostered national pride in great traditions in no unseemly spirit of vain glory or junkerdom, and I fancy he had a happy life.

A CALL TO THE THRONE.—Certain faults of memory have been attributed by historians to the Bourbons. But the Comte de Paris, son of the Duc de Guise, a Pretender to the throne of France, confidently expecting to be called to that throne of his fathers, has his plans cut and dried for a new constitution which will avoid the pitfalls which tripped the Bourbons up. He told the *Intransigeant* that his Cabinet list was ready and that it includes a number of technical experts even now engaged in the councils of the Republic. The King will govern by personal but not by absolute power, and there will be no totalitarian régime of either extreme. All political parties will be suppressed while full liberty of thought will be maintained. There will be no Court—absolutism and the courtiers destroyed his House and brought Louis XVI to the scaffold. The General Confederation of Trades Unions will not be abolished. Under democratic monarchy, the country will find its destinies guided, its trade animated, its culture directed by the personal influence of the sovereign surrounded by efficient councillors, all skilled technicians, and the General T.U. Confederation assuming the role of Parliament but representative of all trades and professions. The Count awaits the call. The Cabinet list is ready (I should like to have a peep at it). But when the flag falls, the first fence will be a stiff one. It will take a super-Count of Paris to abolish in a day the political parties of France. Meanwhile M. Daladier is seeing what can be done to save France from the Bourbons and other troubles.

THE BOMBING OF BARCELONA.—I am not much impressed by anonymous letters, more than one of which I have received on the above subject. But in so far as all such criticism of my condemnation of the bombing of Barcelona was temperate and restrained, I am moved to make another reference to the subject. It is urged that the heaviest responsibility for the deaths of civilians lay with the Barcelona authorities who had converted the chief objective of the raiders, the University, into a dump of munitions. It is argued that that section of the British Press which most violently condemned the bombing never remembers or never stresses the massacre of innocents from time to time carried out by the Government in Spain between '31 and '36 nor the intolerable conditions which led a noble and single-minded man to rise in revolt to restore to Spain justice and humanity. It seems to me that the stronger and the more clearly proven these assertions are, the more fully proven is the blind madness of aerial bombardment of populous cities. Franco is (accept it) a man of broad vision. He knows very well that the victory is not won when the war is won. The victory of peace must take as long to achieve, and every bitterness engendered by war makes more remote the final triumph of pacification and rebuilding. The bombing of Barcelona may be justified as a military necessity, though even that is not proved, for none can estimate how greatly the bitterness it engendered will stiffen resistance to the bitter end. But from the point of view of statesmanship (let alone humanity) nothing could justify it, because it endangered the objective for which this mass madness was brought about, the resettlement of Spain. In a word, the bombing of Barcelona brings the whole question of aerial bombing of cities to a *reductio ad absurdum*. For if war is justified in the object of attaining a political good, it must be fought with buttoned foils, because the military advantage obtained by bombing munition dumps, set up in populous cities, is more than outweighed by the resistance engendered by hatred to further military action, and the

resettlement that will follow final victory. The military necessity not only postpones the hour of military victory but the hour of final resettlement. It defeats the whole object of the war. And if, again, the war was entered upon from sheer aggression, from bloodlust, from hotheadedness, for "sport" or what you will, who outside a mad-house can justify it or any action concerned in it?

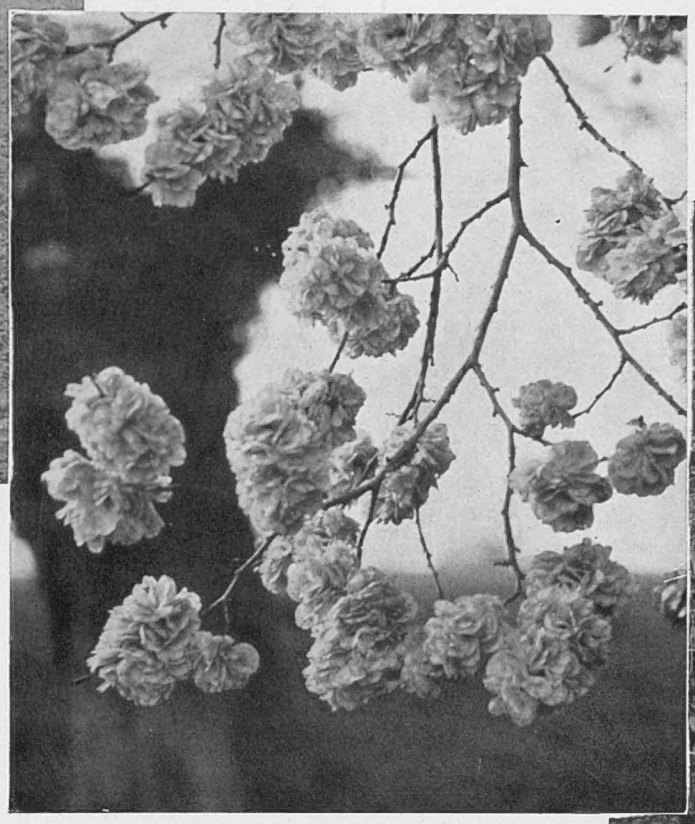
PUMP PRIMING.—Mr. Roosevelt's policy of pump priming once more on a gigantic scale has many critics among those interests regarded as likely first to benefit from a boost to the expiring engines of trade in the U.S. Most sound business men shake their heads and reaffirm their opinion that pump priming to be permanently effective must be done with private buckets and not the national hose. Pump priming has already added 16 billion dollars to the National Debt and produced —something akin to the great slump of 1933. The great factor in U.S. prosperity—say the President's critics—has always been private and not public spending. Mr. Roosevelt's squandermania has closed the springs of private spending from sheer loss of confidence and accordingly his new plan to resume a gigantic public expenditure is nothing but a vicious circle. Only the other day the President

ENGLAND BECOMING A DUST BOWL: This Essex field should be green with young shoots, but instead it is hard and dry after weeks of drought. Early this week, however, parts of England enjoyed a small rainfall

himself declared, "too often in recent history Liberal Governments have been wrecked on the rocks of loose fiscal policy." *Vide* France at this moment. Pump priming tends merely to conceal other factors which need to be adjusted and to postpone the inevitable day of adjustment. So say the President's many critics, led by *The New York Times*, which has so often supported him. It is a desperate remedy no doubt. But his critics exaggerate the amount of new expenditure involved. And the President's frank exposition of his case must have won over many of them.

GREY OWL.—The death of Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin (Grey Owl to the millions) raised a fog of doubt and storm of controversy concerning his ancestry. What does it signify? His fame came late in life. He was a trapper on and off until 1928 when he grew sick of the cruelties of his calling and resolved to preserve instead of destroying wild life. The Canadian authorities found in him the ideal warden of the Prince Albert National Park, formed to preserve the fast disappearing fauna of Saskatchewan. The trapper turned author and became a best-seller, known and loved the world over. His easy success embarrassed him. He felt some shame at coining money by the easy expedient of publishing his notes on his hobby and life interest. He continued to feel a certain claustrophobia when his vast public demanded his presence in the great cities of the Old World to lecture. His books, often autobiographical, have a powerful charm, like Thompson Seton's. They were written not for the scientific but for the general public, but they reveal the accuracy of his powers of observation. His love of the wild and his simple style give them atmosphere all the time. His writings are the *locus classicus* for the beaver. The man who killed so many wild creatures came to loathe killing and blood sports. I believe that success neither spoiled him nor his pleasure in wild life.

MR. BROWN—THE SERVANT PROBLEM.— If Mr. Ernest Brown's name has not been taken in vain, he has a plan to restrict to a very minimum the issue of permits to foreign girls who come to Britain as domestic servants. It is said that 20,000 "Nazis" are now in service in Britain and hundreds of householders must wish that the number was doubled. That without airs and grouses two of them do the work of three British girls to-day is unquestionable, speaking generally, and it is quite untrue to say that foreigners are paid very low wages. Householders who cannot attract, let alone keep, British girls are very thankful to pay foreigners at reasonable British rates. But Mr. Brown (it is reported) in conjunction with the Trades Unions has worked to improve the domestic servants' lot so that there is now "no need for foreigners." If the truth be worth stating nowadays, for what it *be* worth let us state it and blow the froth of nonsense from the statement. The improvement in the domestic servants' lot is the child of economic necessity out of changing public opinion and its foster mother is the average employer, not Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown may offer his "charter" but he will not bring British girls to domestic service without producing a root and branch change of heart in them and their mothers, and a transformation in the economic conditions of our day. So long as these girls can take the place of men in factories, can take lucrative summer employment (and lay off on the dole in winter), so long will they, encouraged by their mothers, spurn domestic service and dream of more romantic careers, with every evening free for adventure and the cinema. It will take a full generation to undo the harm done by that insane post-war reaction. The need for foreign servants was never more urgent than to-day when the German Embassy keeps a careful census and register of the "German minority" in Britain.



A GLORIOUS SIGHT: "Never before have I seen such a mass of yellow-green elm seed on the trees in Essex" writes Douglas Went, the photographer who took this picture

A DISCOVERED VERMEER.—Vermeer, the perfect painter of Delft, died in poverty at the age of forty-three nearly 300 years ago. He gave to the world the most perfect landscape—"View of Delft" at the Maritzhuis—in existence and a dozen interiors with figures which are among the accepted gems of art. Perhaps the best of them are in Holland and London, and we only recently had a chance to see some more at Burlington House. One of his great pictures was lately re-discovered —discovered, in truth—in a linen cupboard unframed in a modest home in Paris. It belonged to members of a Dutch family which had always owned it and never knew its value. For 250 years this Dutch family kept the unknown treasure with other junk in a cupboard, and lived laborious days. Now at last its value is known to them. They have sold it for £60,000 and it will hang in the Boyman's at Rotterdam. Turn £60,000 into francs and you have a glittering fortune. I suppose Vermeer would have cheerfully sold it for £20. It represents Christ and His disciples at Emmaus and is about 3 ft. square. Moral: Keep your old junk. You never know. It is the greatest argument against living in modern pill-box flats which accommodate no accumulations.

GARDENS.—Weather prophets have been warned. They may make themselves liable to prosecution for witchcraft under statutes still in force. Moreover there are in some villages the ancient stocks still in working order. And I should like to see in those stocks all the weather prophets who assured us of weather "rather warm by day" all the Easter holidays—and beyond. It has been damnably cold. The windfrom the N.E. has been brisk and searching, punctuated by dust storms. I had meant to begin that delightful occupation of seeing other folks' gardens, under the District Nursing Scheme. This enchanting recreation is once more available to all, but I shall defer it for the present. People who love West Sussex should make a note of Saturday, May 14, when they can easily accomplish by car visits to three really lovely gardens: Burton Park, Petworth; and Woolbeding and Stedham Hall, close to Midhurst. All of them delight the eye in a normal year. Those who favour East Sussex should remember for May 14, Nyman's (Handcross) and Sheffield Park, Uckfield. We will return to the subject from time to time during the summer. At the moment I confess the garden visible from the room wherein I write is not surpassed for beauty anywhere else in my opinion. All planted by previous owners, the Japanese double cherries, pink, gold, and white, the lilac, the pink maples, the wistarias, and the azaleas, the rhododendrons, and the floribunda, rioting against a background of pale green birch and dark pines with Harting Beacon across the valley, satisfy my aesthetic taste to the point of repletion. That last sentence of self-glorification I penned one evening last week. Came the dawn, and:—

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root
And then he falls as I do."

The quotation is long but I fear many gardeners will find it hideously apt. It is a long time to wait and hope again until April, 1939.

THE OLD STAGER

EIRE'S FIRST PRESIDENT: Seventy-eight-year-old Dr. Douglas Hyde, Gaelic scholar, poet, and playwright, who has been chosen by the leaders of all parties in the Dail to fill this newly-created post under the terms of Mr. de Valera's recently framed constitution. Dr. Hyde is one of the first Protestants ever to be selected for high office in Eire

THE IRISH PACT:

Mr. de Valera Signs Trade and Defence Agreements in Downing Street: Eire's £10,000,000 Payment

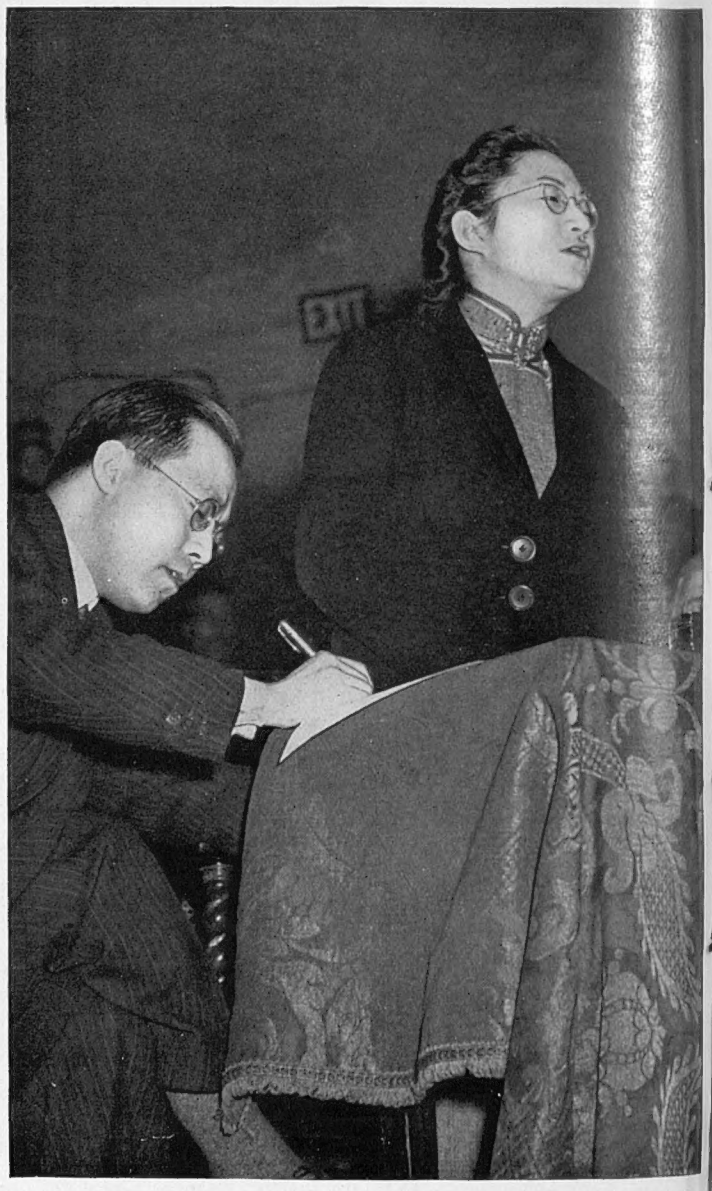
A NEW CHAPTER IN ANGLO-IRISH HISTORY: Mr. de Valera facing a battery of cameras as he left Downing Street last Monday after signing the agreements between the United Kingdom and Eire which settle a number of the outstanding questions affecting the relations of the two countries. One of the main provisions is that Eire is to pay £10,000,000 to terminate the financial dispute

INDUSTRY TACT, AND SYMPATHY were the three qualities, stated *The Times* leader on Tuesday, which Mr. MacDonald, the Dominions Secretary, brought to bear on his task of bringing the Anglo-Irish agreements into being. He is seen (centre) leaving Downing Street after the final meeting

IRELAND NEVER FORGETS: Parades in commemoration of the Rising of Easter 1916 were held throughout Eire last week and Mr. de Valera (*left*), the chief executive, led the Fianna Fail Pilgrimage to Arbour Hill, Dublin, where on behalf of the comrades-in-arms of the executed leaders, he laid a wreath. There was also a parade at Glasnevin and there Miss Mary MacSwiney, (*right*)—most ardent of Republicans, made a fighting speech in which she criticised the administration

LONDON REMEM

AS BIG BEN STRUCK 1 O'CLOCK LAST MONDAY men who took part in the original landing at the Dardanelles on April 25, 1915, laid wreaths on the Cenotaph in commemoration of Gallipoli and Anzac Day. Many notabilities attended the ceremony, including General Sir Ian



A DAY OF REJOICING: Miss Koo Chu-Chen, twenty-one year old daughter of Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador in Paris, delivering her address during last Sunday's meeting held at the Queen's Hall to "celebrate Chinese successes in the field and to call for an intensification of the boycott of Japanese goods." In the course of the meeting a telegram from General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek was read

BERS:

The Gallipoli Landing Commemorated at the Cenotaph: Roman Catholics Honour the Tyburn Martyrs: Chinese Celebrate

Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and at a luncheon afterwards General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle referred in his speech to the fact that "If Gallipoli had been a success the world would have thought it a great conception of strategy"

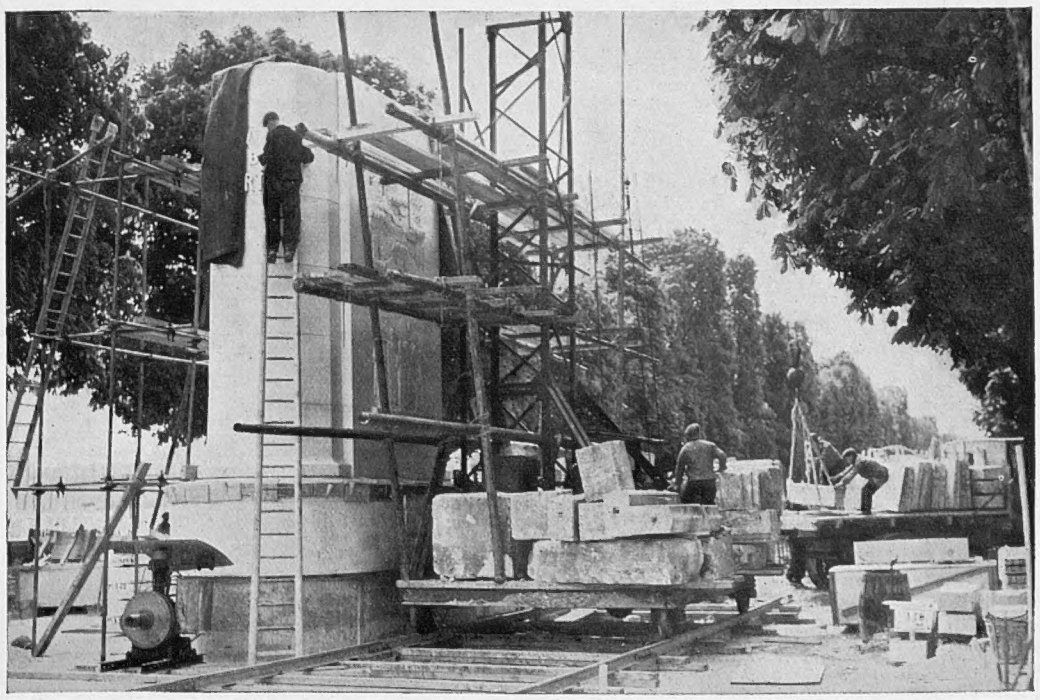
CATHOLICS FORGATHER: Pilgrims kneeling outside the Tyburn Convent, Bayswater Road, as they were blessed by Father Dunstan Pontifex after walking in procession from "Newgate" to "Tyburn" (Marble Arch) in honour of the members of their faith who in the 16th century forfeited their lives on the Tyburn gallows. Among the martyrs was the Jesuit, Edmund Campion

FOREIGN EVENTS:

German Air Liners For Japan: Paris Erects a Monument to the late King Albert: Pondicherry's War Memorial

CROSSING TWO CONTINENTS: Japanese aviators of the Manchurian Aircraft Co. entering one of the two four-engined Heinkel commercial machines ordered from Germany by Japan. They were about to leave the Templehof Aerodrome, Berlin, en route to Tokyo, which they hoped to reach in six days, flying by way of Russia and Siberia. Germany at the moment is also doing a big trade with China, largely in arms

THE WAR MEMORIAL TO THE MEN OF FRENCH INDIA, who died in 1914–18, pictured after it had been unveiled at Pondicherry by His Excellency the Governor. Pondicherry, which was founded by the French in 1674 and has changed hands no fewer than eight times since then, is the chief French possession in the sub-continent. The Colony is represented in the Paris Senate and Chamber by two members



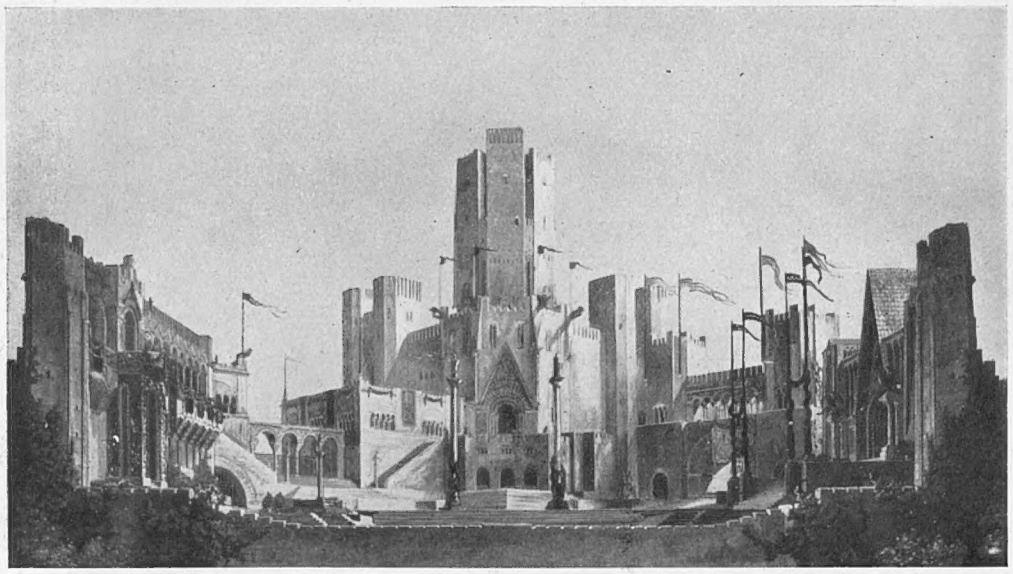
PARIS HONOURS ALBERT THE BRAVE: Men at work on the plinth of the statue which is being set up near the banks of the Seine, Paris, in memory of the late King of the Belgians. It will probably be unveiled this month and when King George and Queen Elizabeth pay their State visit to France in the summer they will be able to see it from the windows of the Palais d'Orsay where they are to stay

WAY OF THE

ALBANIA ON THE EVE: Three of King Zog's six sisters giving the salute at a march past of a woman's battalion when they arrived home last week at the end of their tour abroad which has taken them both to New York and London. They arrived in time for the wedding of their brother to Countess Geraldine Apponyi which, it was arranged, should take place on Wednesday of this week

ALBANIA'S AMAZON ARMY: A detachment of uniformed women marching past during a rehearsal in Tirana in preparation for the celebrations that were arranged to take place last Wednesday at the marriage of King Zog and Countess Geraldine Apponyi. It is widely felt that the union will do much to stabilise conditions in Albania, where for long the ruling clans have been at variance

WAR MINISTER AND AMBASSADOR OF GOODWILL: Mr. Hore-Belisha accompanied by General Pariani, Italian Under Secretary of State for Defence, as he inspected the Grenadier Regiment of Savoy at their barracks in Rome during his visit to Italy last week when he paid a call on Signor Mussolini and the two statesmen joined in mutual expressions of goodwill following the signing of the Anglo-Italian pact. The Minister stopped in Paris on his return journey and talked with Premier Daladier



ROME PREPARES: This magnificent setting has been designed by the Italian artist Signor Parravicini for the Cathedral scene in Lohengrin, the great Wagnerian opera which is to be presented in the Mussolini Forum in honour of the forthcoming visit of Herr Hitler. Every effort is being made in the Italian capital to give the Führer a great welcome, and along the main streets torches have been set up to light the triumphal way. Last year, it may be remembered, Mussolini paid a visit to Berlin

A WARM WELCOME TO THE "EAST MARCH": German officials fraternising at the Austro-Swiss frontier with one of the first British tourist parties of the spring season to cross the Alpine passes into the new German province. The Nazis are naturally desirous that Austria's tourist trade shall continue to flourish

WORLD : A Pictorial Survey of Current Events Abroad

DR. BENES AT HOME: The Czechoslovakian President in his library with his wife. At the moment he has a very anxious task before him in view of the attitude of the German minority within the borders of the State, and only last Monday Herr Henlein, the German leader, increased the tension by putting forward demands which included "full recognition for the German areas and full liberty to profess German nationality"

THE POPE BLESSES ROME AND THE WORLD: His Holiness received a tremendous ovation from many thousands of pilgrims when he appeared on the outer balcony of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday following the service at which three new saints were canonized, including Blessed Andrew Bobola, the Polish Jesuit, who was assassinated by Cossacks. In view of the Pope's advanced age the service was shortened

U.S. RAIL SMASH: An aerial picture showing breakdown gangs at work after five cars of the transcontinental Union Pacific express *Challenger* had been derailed in the desert some 40 miles west of Las Vegas, Nevada, five people being hurt but none seriously. A broken rail was said to be the cause of the accident. The passengers were only delayed for about an hour as the forepart of the train was not in any way involved

THE LILY BRIDE: Lawn tennis star Nancy Lyle emerging beneath the crossed swords of the naval guard of honour with her husband, Captain Philip Glover, R.N., after their marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Many fellow tennis players attended, including Miss Kay Stammers, a picture of whom is reproduced on the next page

PIPERS AT ST. MARGARET'S: Men of the Atholl Highlanders preceding the bride and bridegroom from the church after the wedding last Tuesday of Lord Fincastle, son and heir of Lord Dunmore, and Miss Pamela Hermon-Hodge, daughter of Lord Wyfold. Lord Fincastle is in the Cameron Highlanders

WEDDING BELLS IN SPRING

AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: Captain J. L. Vining and his bride

LORD GORT'S SON WEDS: The Hon. Charles Standish Vereker, whose father is Chief of the Imperial General Staff, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Yvonne Frances Barnett, after their wedding on April 21

ALBANIA'S ROYAL ROMANCE

King Zog's Marriage to Countess Geraldine Apponyi, of Hungary, a Stabilising Factor in the Balkan World

ON Wednesday last (April 27) King Zog of Albania married Countess Geraldine Apponyi of Hungary. With this marriage the modern Albanian dynasty, which King Zog founded, will it is hoped be consolidated and perpetuated. Before he assumed royal status King Zog was known as Achmed Zogu Beg. Brought up at the Court of Sultan Abdul Hamid, the young Zogu started his political life at the age of sixteen. By the time he was nineteen he was an Austrian colonel, and known as the "youngest colonel in the Austro-Hungarian army."

Throughout the stormy years of the European war, when Albania was the battle ground of contending armies, Zogu was a fighter. After the war, when an independent Albania was recognised by the Powers, he emerged as the leading political personality.

Italian intrigues drove him from the Premiership and out of the country when Signor Mussolini's nominee, the priest-politician Mgr. Fan Noli, assumed power. Zogu became a political exile and lived in Belgrade where I first met him in 1924.

He outlined to me his plans for Albania when, as he hoped, he would be able to return to power. He said, with considerable wisdom, that he would prefer the friendship of disinterested Great Powers, like Great Britain, to that of closer and more interested neighbours.

Britain, as it happens, has always had a friendly regard for Albanian independence, but has never had any close or direct political interests in the country. Immediate neighbours have not always been content with a friendly regard. In some cases, such as that of Italy, "interest" has been carried to the point of interference. Thus, in spite of Zogu's desire to keep clear of such "interests", he was unable to do so after he returned to power in 1925.

He led an army into Albania and drove out his rival, Fan Noli. I spoke with some of his staff officers and political entourage on the railway station at Belgrade on the day of their departure for the great adventure.

"Good day," I said; "where are you off to?"

"Oh," replied one of them, "we are just going for a little trip into the country-side."

Thus I knew that the Albanian Civil War had started. In a few weeks Zogu was victorious. He was made Prime Minister. Soon after that he assumed the presidency. Eventually he became King.

Having driven out Italy's protégé, he himself became likewise such a protégé. As I have said, his desire, expressed to me when in exile in Belgrade, to avoid patronage proved to be impossible of realisation. Signor Mussolini soon established a grip on Albania, which was firmer than before. There followed the two Treaties of Tirana, which made of Albania a virtual Italian protectorate.

All this caused the breakdown of the Italo-Yugoslav Pact of Friendship, known as the Pact of Rome, whereby Italy and Yugoslavia agreed upon a "hands off Albania" policy. Belgrade had been tricked by Rome. For many years there were grave fears that Italy—which country soon established a politico-economic-financial-military ascendancy in Albania—would make use of Albania as a base for attacking Yugoslavia.

But King Zog, however dependent he became upon Signor Mussolini, nevertheless succeeded in resisting the too urgent demands of his "protector." For all Albanians, and the King is no exception, are very patriotic, and resent and resist undue foreign pressure and interference. Furthermore, Italo-Yugoslav relations are now amicable. Hence, Albania is not now a pawn in a possible Italian aggression against Yugoslavia. Relations between Tirana and Belgrade, Tirana and Rome, and Rome and Belgrade, are now all normal and peaceful. King Zog is therefore able to turn his thoughts more to internal developments, such as modernisation and reform.

Looking at the Court of Tirana, with its brilliant uniforms, against a background of primitive peasant life, the superficial observer might be tempted to say "musical comedy." But this would be doing the Albanians an injustice. For they are essentially a brave and "tough" little nation, which at one time supplied Imperial Turkey with some of her best military leaders.

King Zog's marriage will be popular in Albania. At one time it was rumoured he would marry an Italian princess. At another, it was said that there was a royal romance in Vienna. All this came to nothing. Now he marries his bride from Hungary.

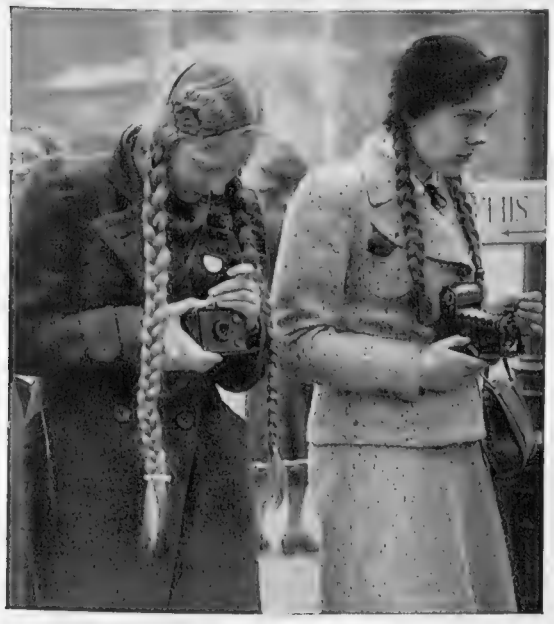
C. F. Melville

KING ZOG AND COUNTESS GERALDINE APPONYI IN DURAZZO: A picture taken during a surprise visit to the town on the eve of their wedding

"ENGLAND! WE'RE HERE": BRADMAN AND HIS MEN ARRIVE

The Australian Test Team in England for the Start of the 1938 Cricket Season : "A Happy Team"

THEY CALL THEM THE SMILING SIXTEEN: "I've brought you a very happy team" said Don Bradman as he and his fellow members of the Australian Test side posed for a picture before landing at Southampton. They are one of the youngest teams from "down under" ever to tour this country, but if they reproduce anything like their home form England is going to find it no easy matter recovering those "Ashes." In the group are:—Left to right, back row, standing:—Fleetwood-Smith, O'Reilly, McCormick, White, Barnes, Fingleton. Middle row:—Walker, Hassett, Bradman, Badcock, Barnett. Front row:—Ward, Brown, Waite



Tennis Stars at a Tennis Wedding

On left — HERE TO SEE LONDON: Two of the 600 Dutch and Belgian school children, who came over last week on a four-day visit, taking snapshots during a tour of the Tower of London

FASHION NOTE: Miss Kay Stammers and Miss Freda James, the famous Wimbledon Women's Doubles pair, seen with Miss Rice Johnson outside St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where they attended the marriage of their fellow tennis star, Miss Nancy Lyle, to Captain Philip Glover, R.N. The bridegroom is a former tennis champion of the Navy and his bride, a greatly improving player, has appeared for England

b

TO-DAY SCOUTING DEVOLVES LESS AND LESS ON THE CAVALRY in the highly mechanised German Army, light armoured cars of this type being used most frequently

THE COMMANDER GIVES DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS as to what route to follow to the driver of his armoured car

THE WORST ENEMY OF THE ARMOURED SCOUT is the anti-tank gun, and in this picture, taken during manœuvres in Germany, we see how a car has been ambushed

WHEN A SCOUT IS IN DIFFICULTIES the best course for the crew is to retreat under cover of smoke from a screen bomb

ARMOURED CAR SCOUTS *of the* GERMAN ARMY

On right—
THE CONTORTIONIST: Entering an armoured scout is quite a feat in itself, the opening being very small and rather inconveniently placed

HIGH PRESSURE SALESMEN OF THE GREAT ARMS RACE

Men Who, in the Zaharoff Manner, Push Their Wares With Skill and Cunning Diplomacy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BENEATH the surface of contemporary Europe such a matching of wits gains momentum in the selling and buying of arms as must have thrilled a younger Zaharoff, had that classical type of the so-called "merchant of death" been born a generation later than fate decreed.

One can visualise the arch intriguer, ever fecund of ways and means of putting over his wares and of wangling or wheedling the men at the top, fairly revelling in A.D. 1938; as Martian hammer strikes anvil more resoundingly each month, each week, each day. What a field!

Compared with when Zaharoff reached his peak of smothered influence in the pre-war armaments market, the high-pressure salesmanship of to-day succeeds in landing fourfold greater business in a Versailles stricken world. Progressively the countries, great and small, are drawn into the race. Countries that barely thought about armaments in the past are having to do so now, particularly since the demonstrated ease with which an Austria ceased to be, overnight. "That must never happen to us," decide the untrusting small ones. In Sweden as in Switzerland, in every one of the former lucky little "neutral" lands of 1914–18, and much farther afield, revised and swollen defence budgets are the order of the day. Yet the main spenders are, naturally, the seven great Powers: Germany, Russia, Britain, Japan, the United States, France, and Italy.

These account for 76 per cent. of the aggregate total being expended on armaments of all kinds, including ubiquitous fortifications, the seven having increased their joint expenditure by 80 per cent. in the past five years; so steep has been the rise since the Fuehrer leapt into the saddle. The remaining fifty-seven nations have augmented their portion by 30 per cent.

Hitler's computed £1,000,000,000 outlay for the year in progress sets the pace. Incidentally, the most asked question of the day is—where does he get the money to do it? I have heard the feat attributed to the interplay of many factors. Wiping out of internal debt. Forced internal loans. Taxation squeezing to the limit. Rigid exchange control. Autarchy (form of "taking in one's own washing"). National self-denial. Suppression of waste, using the last scrap. Pursuit of substitutes. Subsidising of exports to get foreign currencies. Enticement of foreign tourists while preventing one's own from travelling abroad. Juggling with balance sheets never revealed. If this diagnosis be anywhere near correct, then why should not Franco follow suit and rebuild Spain on the new totalitarian plan or conjuring trick that seemingly rids Fascists and Nazis of the necessity of relying upon foreign loans?

A restrained calculation for the current year (starting any time since November last) is that, over all, little below £4,000,000,000 will be spent. "Only" £2,400,000,000 were spent in 1936–37. When the Disarmament Conference made its bow six years ago world arms expenditure amounted to £1,280,000,000. In war-hysterical 1913 the spending was £860,000,000. So that in five-and-twenty years the world-wide bill has swollen fourfold, although a proportion of this huge increase must be marked down to the higher cost of raw materials and labour.

That the total bill may exceed the above estimate is not unlikely. There are such things as secret armaments "races." Take the hush-hush arming of the French Cagoulards by neighbouring regimes which would gladly see the Left, in France, perish. Or the arming of both sides in China and in Spain. And then there's the question of barter. Germany barters arms wherever she can in return for raw materials or much needed imports for which she is unable to pay in foreign currency. Such deals do not figure in official arms expenditure returns.

One or two of the major spenders, Germany, Japan, are refusing to disclose any longer what they are doing about arms, and are represented in Geneva's report by a row of dots. Soviet Russia never did make any return, while the Italian effort has long been regarded as something of a joke. Now Washington is beginning to hedge in regard to communicating its scheduled expenditure and plans. Reluctance to tell what one is doing derives from three sources: lack of trust in what the other fellow tells you, fear of giving away valuable information, and hope of springing a surprise.

None the less, many countries continue to disclose their programmes, and their doing so notably aids our pressure salesmen, for such exchange of information, even if freely insincere, even outrightly false and misleading, can serve as a valuable pointer and guide, oiling the wheels within wheels of the arms mart. As a fact, a sort of semi-official arms mart has come into being as a result of all the swapping of programmes and expenditure details. Formerly salesmen had to strive hard after information and data that now periodically stand revealed.

The new conditions have summoned on the scene a new style salesman, part diplomat, part skilled demonstrator, part social success, part crafty and tricky customer.

Present-day pushers of this traffic defy frontiers and conflicting ideologies, sell fifty-fifty to nations locked in mortal combat, manipulate prospective clients and grease palms as resourcefully and maybe as unscrupulously as ever in the past. They also have to be better mixers, more cosmopolitan in their haunts, and better camouflaged from such as must not be allowed to know of impending deals.

Yet arms salesmen only require to be secret from certain people. Chiefly, they are apt to dematerialise before all agencies of public opinion. They positively loathe gentlemen of the Press, and make a point of keeping out of the way of zealots known to be opposed to the arms industry on principle.

I have had one or two salesmen of world-famous firms indicated to me, and they looked the complete reverse of high-pressure enthusiasts. Suave and immaculate, gardenias up and hair smoothed down, they were evidently the most popular figures in their cocktail groups; circumstance that jolted the memory concerning their remuneration. Retainers or salaries are, as a rule, not big, when paid at all. Generous commission and expenses are what matter, and accordingly our subjects are for ever acting the host. No surer way of wearing down sales resistance than the provision of just the right thing in food and wine and in lovely woman.

Government authorities are fully cognisant of the comings and goings of our high pressure gentry—it could hardly be otherwise in view of the set ambition of the average salesman, namely, to get to the man on top with a view to convincing him. Experts in the sale of arms no longer waste time with underlings. They are now too important for that, and know it.

A weird product of the times, these high pressure arms salesmen! If they have to be the diplomat, moving not infrequently in ambassadorial ambiance, they will also emerge on the demonstration ground as expert engineers or mechanics, all excited to show off the excellence of this or that arm or gadget. And then, perhaps, that same day our subject will be giving a faithful imitation of the erstwhile Zaharoff at his wiliest. The cultured and attractively mannered product of 1938 will not hesitate to practise the guile and craft of his uncouth and angular forerunner. The old tricks still obtain, such as the notorious one of selling an absolutely exclusive weapon to two or three different countries. Or Ruritania will be given chapter and verse (quite fictitious) concerning the alleged acquisition by her greatest enemy, X, of this latest type gun, or of that ultimate-minute tank.

Little would one imagine that these smart and charming individuals, mostly under forty, have at their finger-ends and as their job in life, the very latest methods of how to kill human beings. Enthusiasts, they must be, capable of persuading a hesitant Defence Minister to come along and see for himself that such and such merchandise is the best to be had. It is barely too much to say that the really competent salesmen know by heart who sits behind each important door in the principal European Ministries of Defence and Munitions.

Sometimes the most difficult job of all hinges on delivery. The universe being in such a mess, liable to sprout a fresh undeclared war or revolution any morn, people who have been persuaded into giving orders, "prospects" who have bitten insist that they shall not be asked to pay over money in anything like full measure until the goods, of whatever nature they may be, from hand grenades to destroyers, are well and truly delivered. Accordingly, salesmen have to think out alternative ways of ensuring the safe transit of goods, and suiting varying parts of the globe.

On top of this is the expanding problem of the delivery of secret or illicit armaments. Grenades can go tolerably well in packing-cases marked "grapefruit", provided skilful palm greasing has been done. Tanks or armoured cars can be sent in pieces as "agricultural implements". Minor vessels of war may be run under cover of darkness to out of the way coves or beaches. Airplanes can be flown to predetermined delivery points. Explosives can be shifted across frontiers in cars fitted with very special dummy bodies; indispensable automatic rifles and machine-gun parts, no less so.

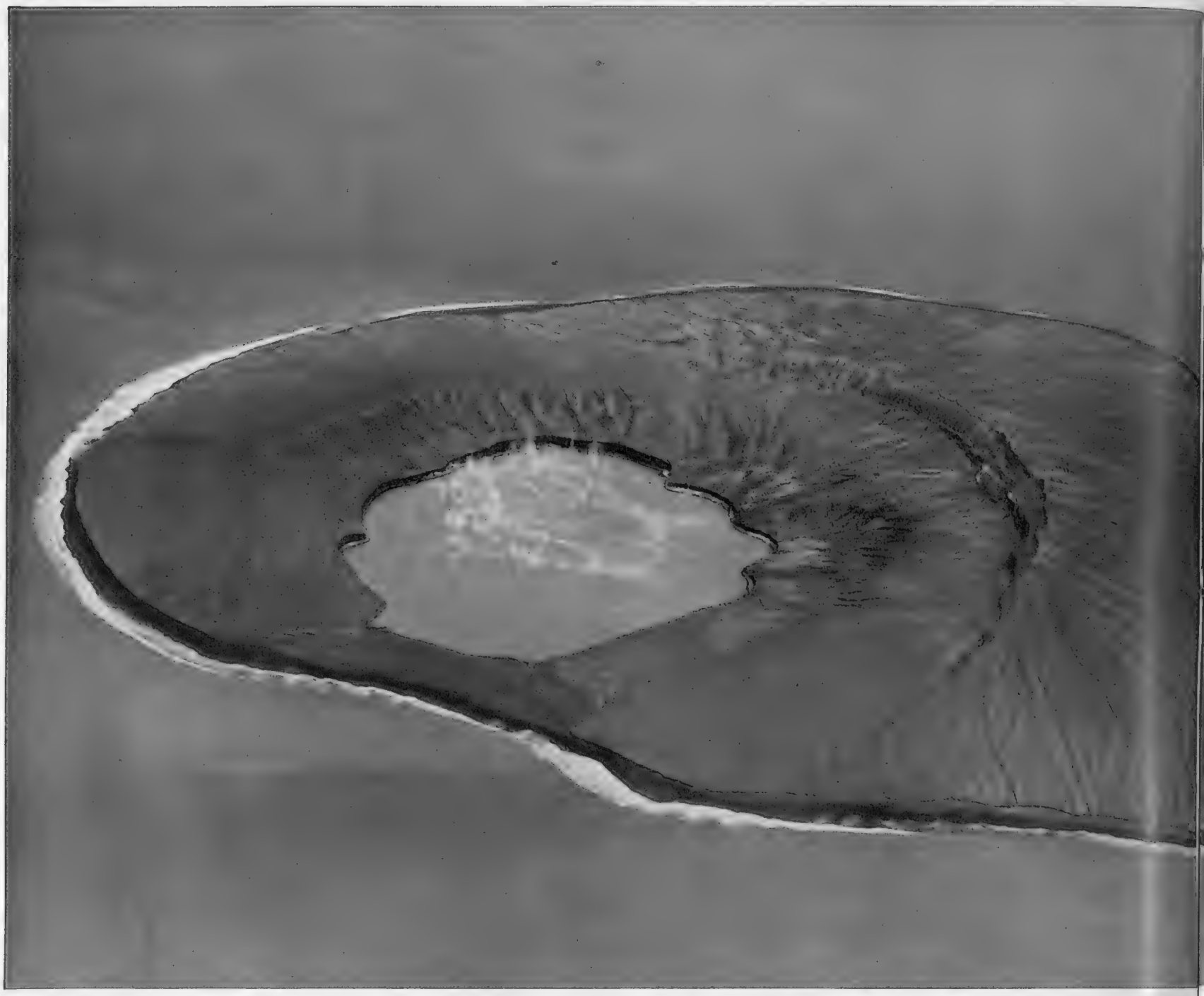
A SULTAN PASSES

Mourning Pageantry at the Funeral of the Ruler of Selangor at Klang, Malaya

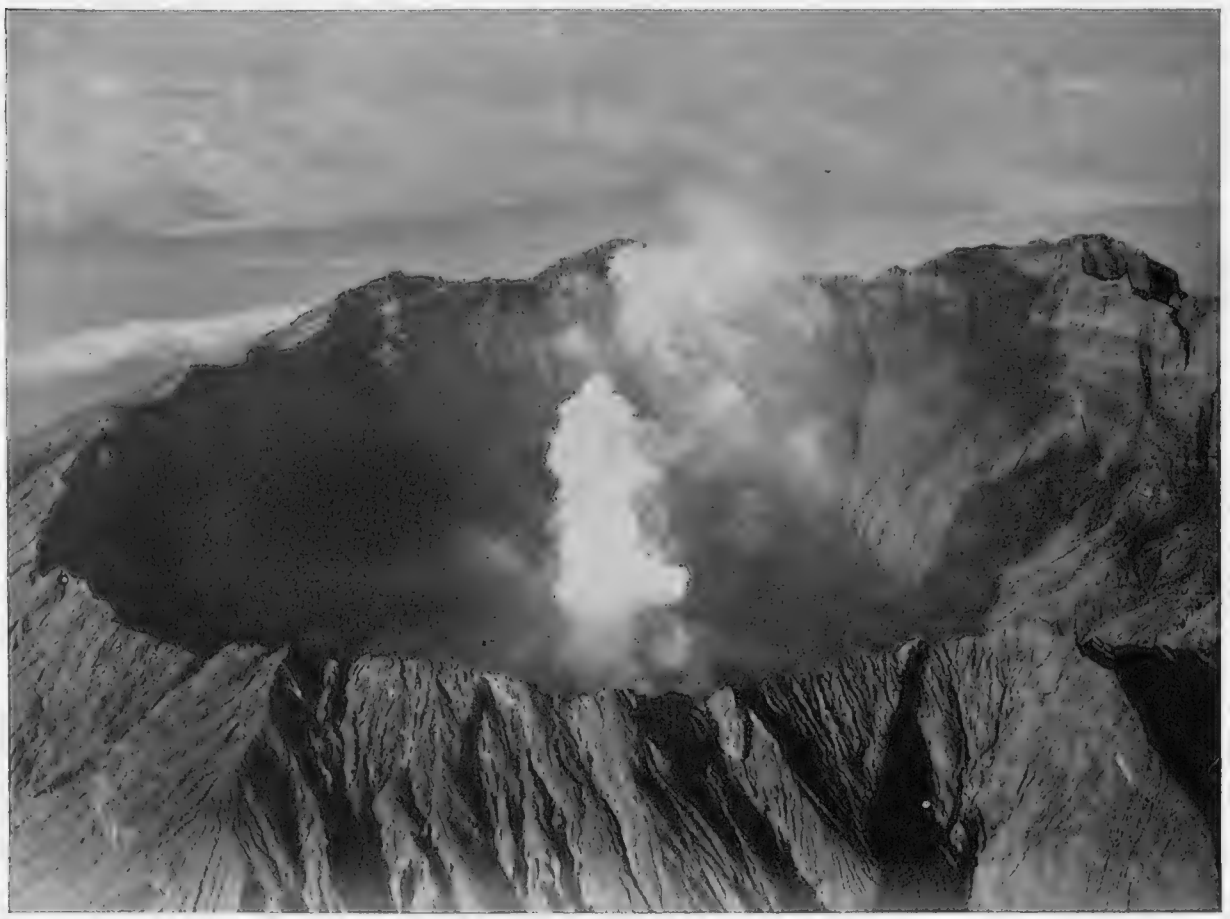
ROYAL OBSEQUIES: The new Sultan stepping down from the dais after praying before the coffin of his father Sir Ala 'Idin Sulelman Shah, G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., Sultan of Selangor, who died recently at his palace at Klang, 30 miles from Kuala Lampir, and whose burial was attended by notabilities from many parts of Malaya, of which Selangor is one of the Federated States. The Sultan, who visited England in 1936, was known as a loyal friend of Britain and made many generous contributions towards Imperial Defence. His successor is his third son, the two elder sons having been passed over. *Above*—Sikh police waiting to fire a salute of seventy-four guns on the morning of the funeral. *Below*—The funeral procession passing from the palace to the mosque, the coffin being borne on a large catafalque

REPRESENTING THE CROWN: Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for the Federated Malay States, walking in the funeral procession with the new Sultan of Selangor, Tengku Laksamana. The new Sultan was educated at Cambridge and visited England about 3½ years ago. It was partly the fact that he knew this country that led to his selection as successor and the passing over of the two elder sons who have now been given secondary titles

On right—
THE GREAT MOSQUE AT KLANG, in front of which the late Sultan has been laid to rest. It is a magnificent building and is one of the finest of its kind in Malaya



EVER MENACING: This aerial view which, in common with the other pictures on these pages, was taken from a Dutch air liner, shows the present configuration of the fearsome crater on the island of Krakatoa lying in the Strait of Sunda between Java and Sumatra. It has been the scene at periodic intervals of some of the most catastrophic volcanic disturbances on record



A DANTESQUE SETTING: The crater of Raoeng volcano is one of the largest and most impressive in the whole of Java. The mountain, with its steep lava slopes rising sheer to a height of over 11,000 ft., is still ranked as an active volcano though no serious eruptions have taken place since the eighteenth century. The last really alarming outbreak happened in 1730 when tremendous damage was done to the surrounding countryside and many people were buried beneath the ashes. Numerous lesser eruptions have occurred since—the last in 1921—but they were without serious consequences

THE Dutch air liners flying over the East Indian Archipelago pass on their journey no grander or more awe-inspiring sights than the volcanoes of Java, with their fiercely-smoking craters, that in times past have wrought such havoc to property and taken such a toll of life. It was from one of the K.N.I.L.M. planes that the accompanying series of pictures was taken, and there is no doubt that the volcanoes are seen at their best from the vantage point of the skies.

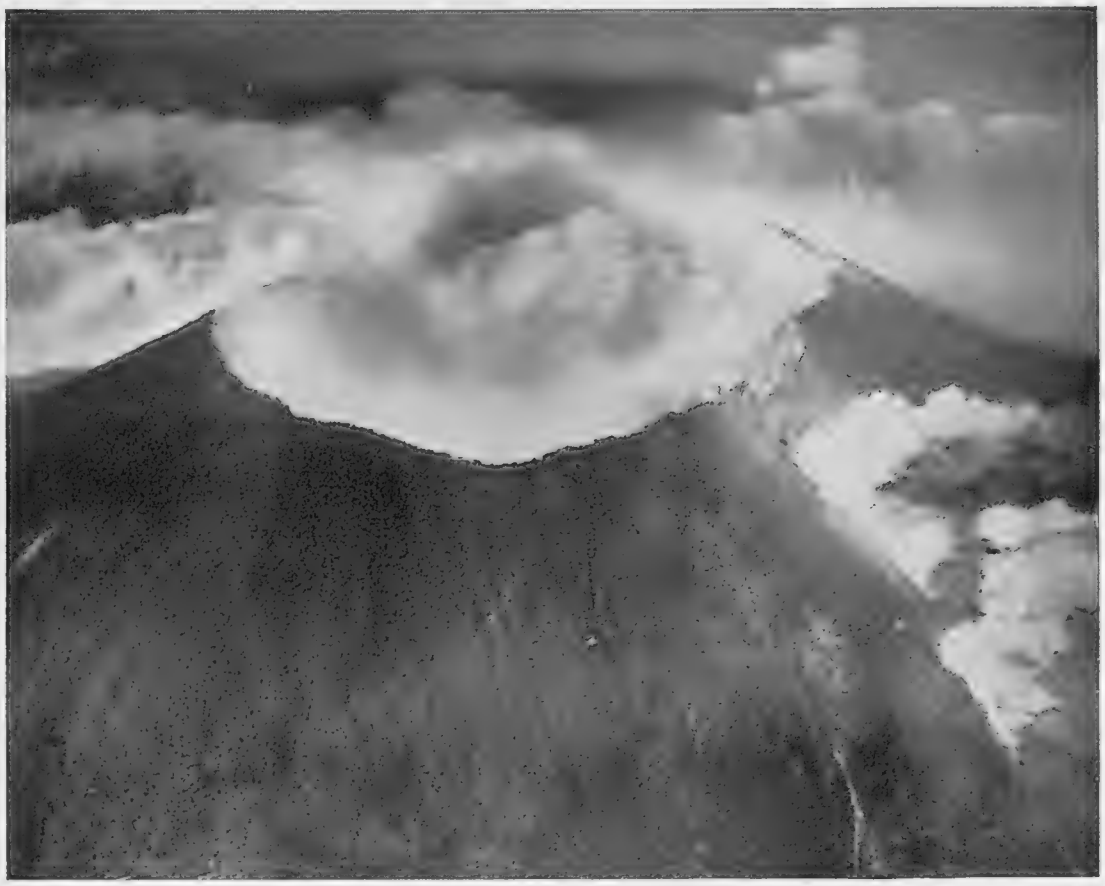
Krakatoa has proved to be one of the most catastrophic volcanoes in the Java seas, and is still, from time to time, a source of alarm. The last great eruption took place in 1883, after two centuries of inactivity. On that occasion the island of Krakatoa was blown to pieces and a tremendous tidal wave was set in motion which swept away prosperous native towns and landed big steamers far up in the hills of Sumatra. Over 36,000 people perished.

Krakatoa was at that time the central outlet for one of the severest volcanic disturbances in historical times. Practically all the Java volcanoes responded. Heavy reports like a distant cannonade were heard as far away as Ceylon, Manila, and at Perth in West Australia. Vapour mixed with dust and ashes rose to a height estimated at 40,000 ft. and in its descent destroyed huge tracts of land, while its effect upon the atmosphere was such that even in Africa, Western Europe, and America a curious red glow was discernible in the sky soon after sunset. Simultaneous disturbances in the

(Continued above on right)

JAVA'S FIRE DEMONS SEEN FROM THE SKIES

New Aerial Pictures of Krakatoa and Other Active Volcanoes of the Indies



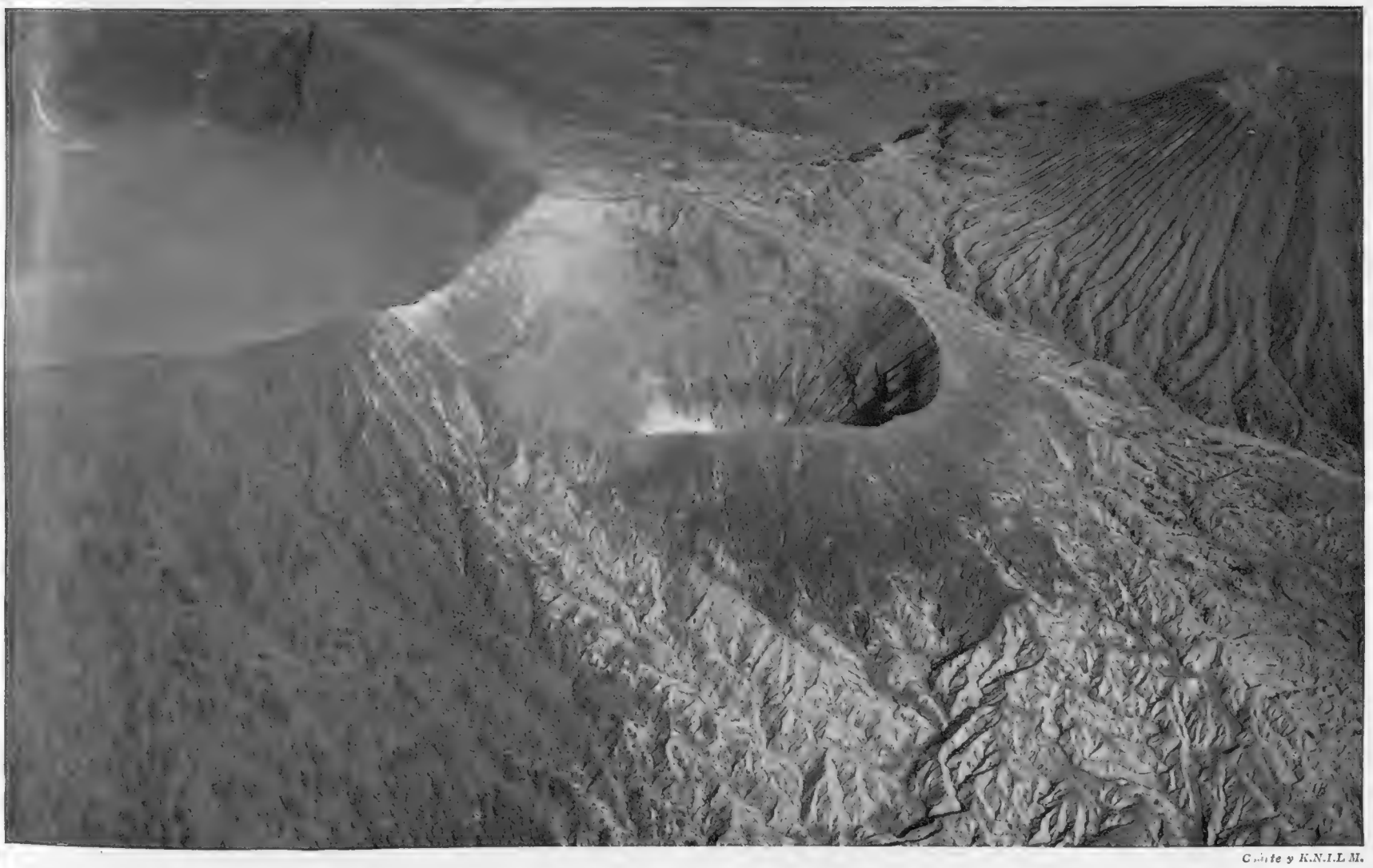
THE ISOLATED TRUNCATED CONE OF TJERIMAI: A volcano dominating the fertile quinine-growing district

Moluccas and in Australia showed the existence of subterranean means of communication between widely distant sections of the globe.

The **Tjerimai** volcano, reaching over 10,000 ft., is one of the highest in the Dutch Archipelago and has the further distinction of being an isolated truncated cone rising impressively from a broad plain. It is covered in brilliant green verdure almost to the edge of the crater and, although it has sometimes threatened to destroy the rich agricultural estates situated on its slopes, it is generally regarded as more or less harmless. Tjerimai is situated in the Java quinine-growing district, which supplies practically the entire world supply of quinine, and big British interests have established quinine-growing estates on the volcano's slopes.

The **Bromo Volcano** proper is actually the lowest of a complex of four peaks. According to native belief it is one of a triad of active volcanoes which, by secret arrangement, work in shifts. Each takes its turn at making the noise and supplying the smoke, ashes, and fire while the other two rest.

Below—SULPHURIC INFERNO: Craters of the Bromo group which, according to native superstition, work in shifts



Courtesy K.N.I.L.M.

NATIONAL SOCIALISM IN PRACTICE:

How Business and Economic Life, Controlled from Above and Below, Operate Under the Nazi Regime

By J. BAKER WHITE

THE term "Nazi Party" has become one of such general use that it is often forgotten that the full title of the ruling political force in Germany is the National Socialist German Workers' Party (N.S.D.A.P.), and that although it is anti-Marxist and anti-democratic it is very definitely one form of Socialism in practice, at any rate from the economic aspect. The programme of the party, first made public at a mass meeting in the Hofbrauhausfestsaal in Munich on February 25, 1920, remains virtually unaltered to date and is now the Constitution of the German people.

Clause 11 demands the "abolition of incomes unearned by work," clause 13 the "nationalisation of all businesses which have been up to the present formed into trusts", and clause 14 the sharing out of "profits from wholesale trade." A further clause, 17, made provision for the nationalisation, and even confiscation without compensation, of land, but in an amendment issued from Munich in April 1928 it was stated that "since the N.S.D.A.P. admits the principle of private property it is obvious that the expression 'confiscation without compensation' merely refers to possible legal powers to confiscate, if necessary, land illegally acquired, or not administered in accordance with national welfare". Critics of National Socialism declared that the amendment was a sop to the powerful officer-producing East Prussian landowners, but the fact remains that a form of economic Socialism is in practice in Germany to-day.

How does it affect the individual shopkeeper, wholesale dealer, or factory owner? Let us try to picture their lot in say Berlin, which is a big industrial as well as commercial centre.

Retail trade in Germany has always been based largely upon the small shopkeeper, and all the more so since the Nazi régime has resulted in the elimination of a number of chain-stores of non-Aryan ownership. National Socialist policy has been designed to encourage the small trader and "one-man business," although the Woolworth Stores are still to be found in most large German towns. The café and beer-hall proprietors have also fared well under National Socialism, for not only has the consumption of beer increased with the improved economic condition of the country, but in the smaller towns and villages their premises are used as the social meeting-places of the political organisations and as polling booths in plebiscites and elections.

On the other hand, even the smallest trader is subjected to a considerable measure of control, especially if he deals in foodstuffs. Prices are rigidly controlled and any attempts at profiteering are suppressed ruthlessly. On the face of it this is desirable, but often a discontented customer can with skilful untruths bring down upon an inoffensive shopkeeper a visit from the police or S.S. guards and a most searching investigation into his business and private affairs. False accusation to satisfy a personal spite is not unknown under democracy; it is infinitely more prevalent under dictatorships. Dealers in food often have to face the difficulties of temporary shortages of supplies, and those who handle butter and edible oils have all the business of recording their customers' ration cards, of making returns to the authorities, and of facing heavy penalties for mistakes and omissions.

During the past winter pork and butter supplies were short in Berlin. Prices were high, the weather was cold, and the temper of the Berlin housewives consequently very short. The trial of the beer-hall and restaurant proprietor is rather a different one. The Nazis have instituted what is known as the "kitchen control," which appoints officials with the right of inspecting kitchens, cellars, and the like at any time without warning. If found dirty on two consecutive visits the premises are likely to be closed for an indefinite period. Again the principle is an admirable one, but as in the case of the shopkeeper a disgruntled employee can be very damaging.

Productive industry, the import and export traders, and wholesale houses continue to operate with individual employers or companies, but with an ever increasing measure of State control and what seems to most of them a greater and greater burden of taxation. There is control from above through the Four-Year Plan Office, and from below through the Labour Front.

To-day the whole of industry and trade is subordinated to the needs of the armed forces and economic self-sufficiency—the leading officials in the industrial control organisation are serving army staff officers—which means that every industrialist and trader has to do exactly what he is told. For example, a manufacturer of woollen textiles in the Berlin suburbs can only get as much raw wool as the Control Board sees fit to give him from time to time, and he is compelled to use about 30 per cent. of staple fibre produced from home-grown timber. All raw material supplies are now under State control, and more and more substitutes are being used. Among the synthetic products on show at the Leipzig Fair this year were wood wool, cloth, carpets, driving belts, motor car hoods, artificial leather, substitute rubber, resin capable of being made into gear wheels and machine working parts, and edible fats and pastes.

THE GERMAN CAN PURCHASE IMMUNITY from the all too frequent attentions of house-to-house collectors for the Winter Relief Fund by buying one of these metal plaques for three marks and nailing it on his door

In the coal, iron and steel, and engineering industries State control is even more rigid and absolute; the recent complaint of an iron and steel producer that he was no longer master in his own plant was not without justification. The Iron and Steel Supervisory Office, armed with the Compulsory Control Law of 1935 and the Decree of July 1937, is all-powerful, and the owner of a German steel works or shipyard to-day is little more than a manager for the State, though the shareholders remain, with their dividends very strictly controlled. Perhaps the employer in heavy industry with the greatest measure of remaining independence is Herr Krupp von Bohlen, the chief of the vast Krupp enterprises, but rumour has it that even his independence is a steadily diminishing quantity.

Control from below is through the Labour Front. This body amalgamated all employers' organisations and all trade unions; to-day every employer and every worker must belong to it, observe the rigid Labour Code or be brought before the Labour Court of Honour, which has the power to inflict heavy penalties. These courts deal with all disputes, for strikes and lock-outs are forbidden; the Labour Front regulates hours and wages, working conditions, holidays, and has power to inspect the employer's accounts, order books, contract lists, stock returns, and in fact investigate every detail of his business.

One of its rules is that out of every fifteen employees one must be a Nazi Party member, and he, or she, is bound by Party rules to form a "cell" in the plant. As one Berlin employer put it to me, "we have only changed the Communist cell for a Nazi one." The Nazi cell certainly does not stir up strikes, but it does keep a very watchful eye, and an essentially Socialist eye, on the employer. This may, and often does, lead to definite interference in the conduct of the enterprise.

The importer and exporter leads a far from easy life, hedged about with currency and supply restrictions. Before goods can be brought into or sent out of the country dozens of forms have to be filled in for the Import and Export Control Office. The acute shortage of foreign currency makes their problems all the greater. Very heavy fines and terms of imprisonment are inflicted for breaches of the regulations, and a Hamburg exporter doing business with this country only took five minutes to show me how the minor mistake of a careless employee might mean very serious consequences for him.

It is amongst this section of the community, and the intellectuals, doctors, lawyers, and the professional classes, that one finds the greatest discontent with the Nazi regime, and whence the illegal Freedom Party draws the bulk of its support. It is a matter of interest that this party finds sufficient financial support to publish a monthly journal from London, but its possession in Germany would mean arrest.

On top of all these restrictions, control, and often interference, comes a very heavy burden of taxation. When the Olympic Games statue of three nude athletes was erected on the outskirts of Berlin some wit soon renamed it "The last three taxpayers leaving Berlin". This is not surprising when one realises that in the past financial year 28·6 per cent. of the total national income was taken in taxation, as compared with 26 per cent in 1933 and 18·6 per cent. in 1928. On top of this the individual shopkeeper, trader, industrialist and ordinary member of the public is being called on continually to make contributions to Nazi funds, charities and the Winter Help.

Such contributions are not just nominal payments, like the penny or sixpence with which the Londoner purchases immunity on flag days. They are expected to be in proportion to the size of the enterprise or the income of the donor. The Winter Help is a remarkable organisation for which one cannot but have the highest admiration. Although National Socialism has reduced unemployment in Germany from about 6,000,000 in 1932 to not much over 500,000 at the present time, there are many families, especially peasants and seasonal workers, who fall below the poverty line in the winter months, and they are provided with food and clothes by the Winter Help.

The Winter Help collected 350,000,000 Reichsmarks in 1933, 360,000,000 in 1934–35, 371,000,000 in 1935–36, and 408,000,000 in 1936–37. The number of poor people benefiting was over 7,000,000 in the winter of 1936–37, and they received amongst other things nearly 11,000,000 cwts. of potatoes, 42,000,000 cwts. of coal, 1,438,000 eggs, 3,600,000 gallons of milk, 1,792,000 pairs of boots, and 3,734,000 tickets for cinemas, theatres, and concerts. Once a week every German family is expected to eat a cheap one-course dinner and give the difference between its cost and that of the ordinary meal to the fund. Most people purchase for about three marks a metal plaque which shows that they have contributed to the Winter Help and screw it on to their front doors, thus guaranteeing themselves against continued visits of officials with collecting boxes.

GOOSE-STEPPING PAST THE FUHRER: Chancellor Hitler saluting as Storm Troops marched down Unter den Linden in the big parade held to mark his forty-ninth birthday. Gifts poured in on the Reich Chancellery and among them was a volume from Dr. Goebbels containing all the chief speeches made during the Austrian annexation

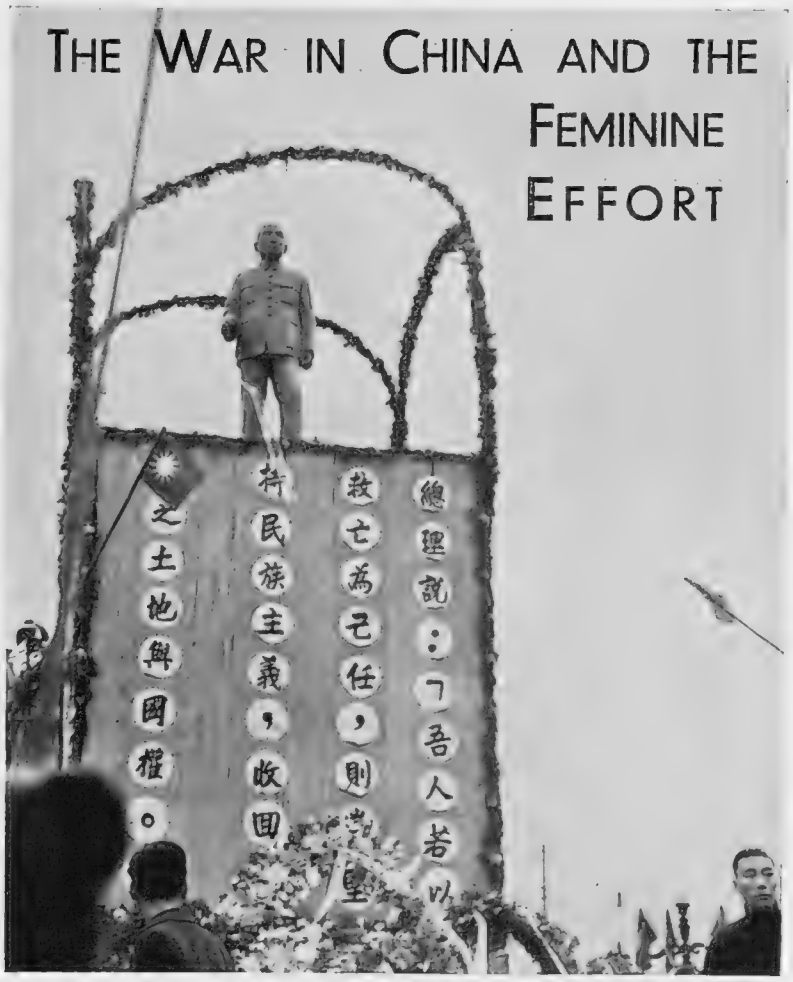
The following are items of the "Twenty-five Points"—the Constitution of the Nazi Party—Relating to Business and Economic Life

13. We demand nationalisation of all businesses which have been up to the present formed into companies (Trusts).

14. We demand that the profits from wholesale trade shall be shared out.

16. We demand creation and maintenance of a healthy middle-class, immediate communalisation of wholesale business premises, and their lease at a cheap rate to small traders, and that extreme consideration shall be shown to all small purveyors to the State, district authorities, and smaller localities.

THE WAR IN CHINA AND THE FEMININE EFFORT



HONOURING A HERO OF MODERN CHINA: The statue to Dr. Sun Yat Sen in Hankow decorated for the thirteenth anniversary of his death which was commemorated last month when 10,000 Chinese held a patriotic demonstration. It was Sun Yat Sen who succeeded in deposing the Manchu dynasty in 1911

THEY ALSO SERVE: The two uniformed women are among the many taking part in the present Sino-Japanese campaign and rendering most effective service both at the front and in behind-the-lines duty. One girl, it is reported, is leading an Amazon battalion 6,000 strong, and by her guerilla tactics is seriously harassing the Japanese

On right—THEY SHALL NOT PASS! American marines holding up a Japanese patrol which tried the other day to enter an American defended sector of the Shanghai International Settlement. Several incidents of this nature have taken place of recent weeks

HANKOW EN FÊTE: A scene in the city during last month's patriotic demonstrations held on the thirteenth anniversary of the death of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. There was considerable enthusiasm on this occasion as the Chinese have been putting up an increasingly stout resistance in the war and have achieved several marked and unexpected successes in the Shantung area. Conversely, alarm at the long duration of hostilities is beginning to spread in Japan, and Prince Konoye, the Prime Minister, has attempted to allay misgiving by a series of re-assuring utterances belittling the Chinese effort and alleging that all is proceeding to plan

HIKING TIME AGAIN IN LAKELAND: Two young ramblers study their map during a brief halt in the Langdale Pikes district. Hiking seems to grow in popularity from year to year, and this Easter, despite the chill in the air, there seemed to be more on the open road than ever

A GUARDIAN OF NORTHERN WATERS: The Isle Ornsay lighthouse (*left*), on the Isle of Skye, is in charge of Mr. Kenneth Taylor who is now retiring after forty-two years spent in the lighthouse service. He is seen (*right*) taking in by pipe-line a supply of hydrogen gas for his light from a ship anchored just off shore. Keeper Taylor is a holder of the King's Medal

DUTCH TOUCH: Yes, it looks like Holland—with the rows of tulips in bloom and among them the girl in a costume typical of the Low Countries. As it happens, however, the picture was taken at Hedderwickhill, East Lothian, where an attempt is being made to develop the bulb industry, and several Dutch workers have been brought over to help get things going

WHEN THE FRENCH COURT WAS IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

The Sale at Hartwell House Revives Memories of the Exile of Louis XVIII

THE last King Louis of France died 114 years ago. Although his connection with this country was closer than that of any of his line, few other than students of history remember him. For Louis XVIII was not a picturesque figure. Enormously fat and a hopeless cripple from gout, he compares unfavourably from the romantic point of view with either of his brothers—the unfortunate Louis XVI, round whom the scaffold has cast a halo, and the dashing and handsome Comte d'Artois, who came to the throne (and lost it) as Charles X. But he had more brains than either of them, and had he outlived his brother Charles there might have been a Bourbon king reigning in France to-day. With all his infirmities Louis XVIII was not without dignity and he was a cultured and well-read man.

THE BOURBON EXILE WHO FOUND SANCTUARY IN ENGLAND: Louis XVIII of France was living during part of the Napoleonic era at Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, and it was from there he was called back to the throne

The outbreak of the Revolution meant for him, however, a series of undignified wanderings over Europe, opportunities for culture being largely swamped by financial and other anxieties. Happier times were awaiting him in England which he reached in 1807. The Marquess of Buckingham was the first to offer the King hospitality and his house at Gosfield in Essex. This proved for a variety of reasons unsuitable, and two years later he moved to Hartwell, near Aylesbury, and that little Buckinghamshire village is probably the only spot in England where even after so long a lapse of time "King Louis" is still mentioned by the country-folk.

That such folk are growing fewer is inevitable. Yet when last I was there not very long ago I chatted with an ancient yokel who had much to tell me of what his father and his grandfather knew of "them Frenchies at the big 'ouse."

Hartwell House (in 1809 the property of Sir George Lee), where an important sale took place on Tuesday of this week, is not a very big house. But it is spacious and comfortable and the Lee family, whose home it has been for generations (a few years back it was occupied by Lord Leith of Fyvie) have filled it with beautiful things, now, alas, dispersed. Up to now it has stood very much as it did when Louis XVIII held his miniature Court there, even to the rooms named after members of the Royal Family.

But small though that Court was, it was too large to fit into Hartwell with any degree of comfort. The flamboyant ideas of pre-Revolution Versailles died hard, and the King had about 150 people round him, excluding servants, whom he had to feed and, in most cases, to supply with pocket money. Very few of these obtained accommodation in neighbouring houses and the majority insisted on making Hartwell their home. It must have been a tight fit, so tight, in fact, that even the roof was brought into use. On such parts of the roof as are flat wooden huts were erected in which the *emigrés* to whom they were allotted had to make themselves as comfortable as they could. They even planted vegetables and kept fowls on that roof. Remnants of these huts can be traced.

It was a dull court. The King thought he would return to France and reign. His friends were for the most part listless, pessimistic, and exceedingly quarrelsome. His brother, d'Artois, was mostly in London, occupied with his adored mistress, Madame Polastron, but occasionally came to Buckinghamshire to hunt, for he was a fine horseman. He would stop at country inns for a glass of beer, and his portrait is still to be seen in some of them.

In 1810 the Queen died. The King expressed deep grief, the sincerity of which was doubtful, for he must have found her a considerable nuisance. She was small, dull, and remarkably plain—plainer even than her sister, the Comtesse d'Artois. She died of dropsy, for in her utter boredom she had taken heavily to drink. That is why some years ago in the cellar at Hartwell—they may still be there—were some dusty, wooden figures of dragons, men in armour, etc. These originally adorned the main staircase, and frightened and angered the Queen as she tottered alcoholically to bed. She would "slash furiously at them with her stick," so it was considered advisable to hide them away.

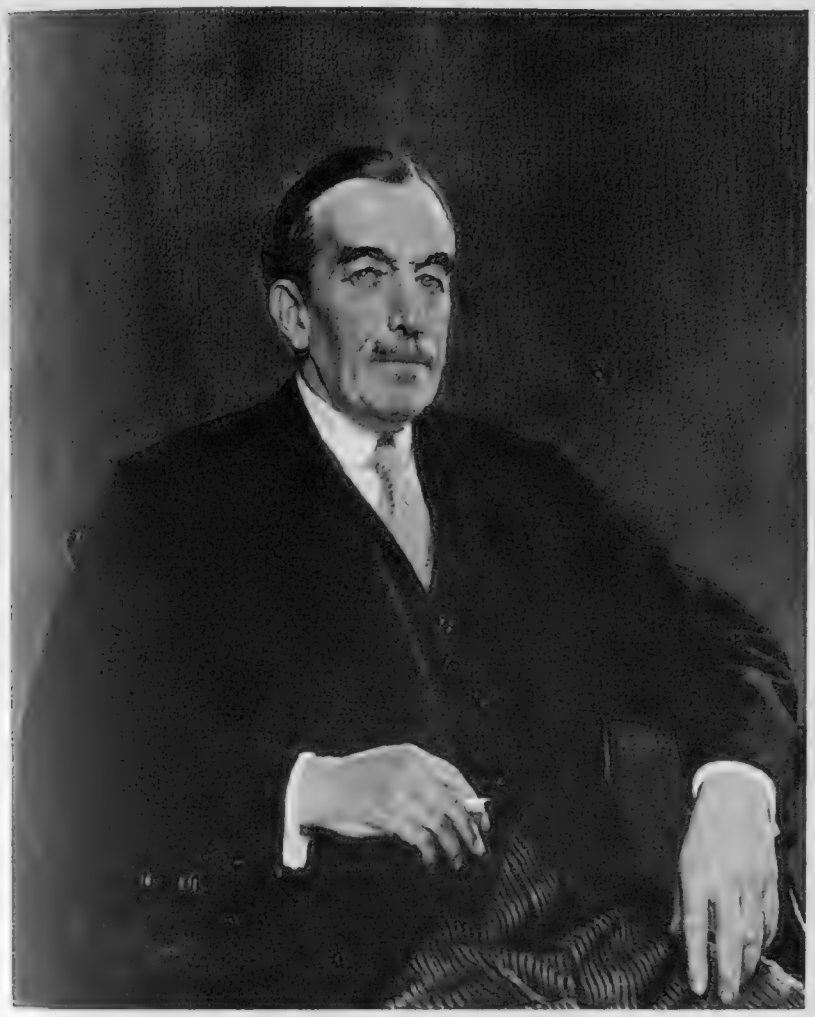
Meanwhile European politics were moving swiftly. On March 31, 1814, the allied armies entered Paris. Louis XVIII was informed of this by a note which left Paris in the morning and reached Hartwell the same evening, quick work in those days. The King sat up, greatly excited, until past midnight. Next morning, while he was at Mass, men wearing white scarves and waving white flags were assembling in the drive which leads up to Hartwell's main entrance. They were deputies from loyal Bordeaux, calling him back to the throne of France. His brother preceded him to Paris, since Louis had a severe attack of gout which kept him at Hartwell for many weeks.

When he was well enough to travel Louis was escorted to London by a cavalcade of enthusiastic Englishmen to the sound of joyous peals of church bells; for the deposition of Napoleon and the recall of the Bourbons meant a mighty relief to England. The Prince Regent gave a party in his honour at Carlton House and invested him with the Order of the Garter. The Prince remarked later that when he was clasping that royal but gout-swollen Bourbon knee "I felt as if I were fastening a sash round a man's waist!"

P. P.

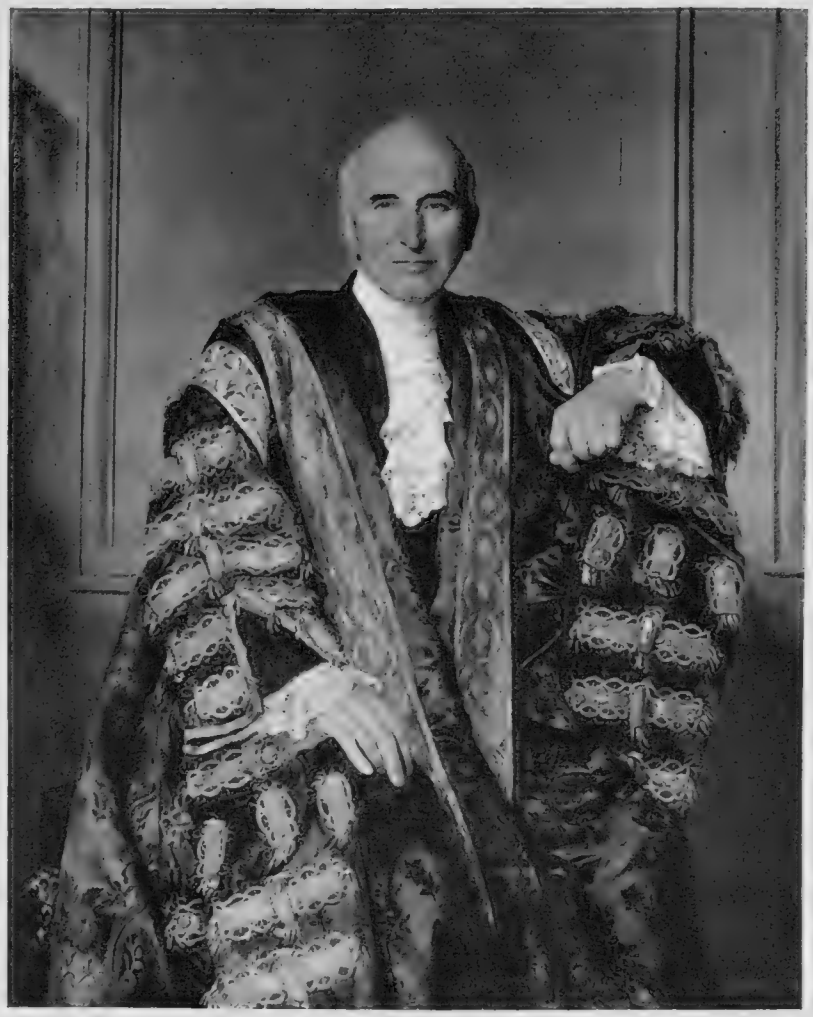
ROYAL ACADEMY, 1938

Some Notable Male Portraits at Burlington House



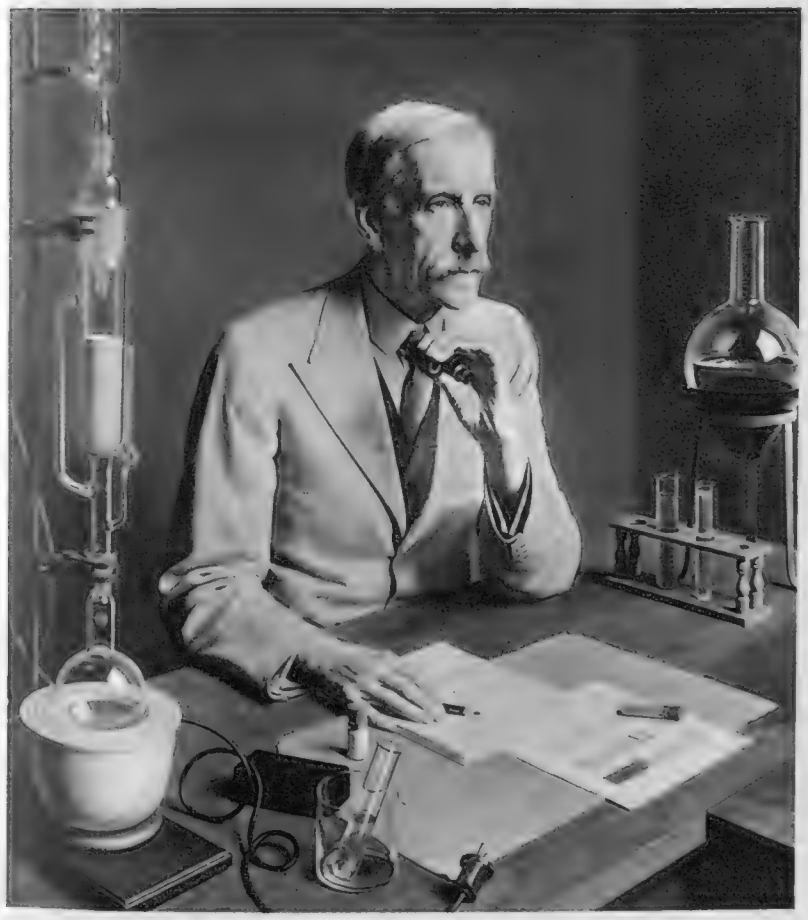
"SIR DAVID MILNE-WATSON"

By Harold Knight, R.A.



"THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN SIMON"

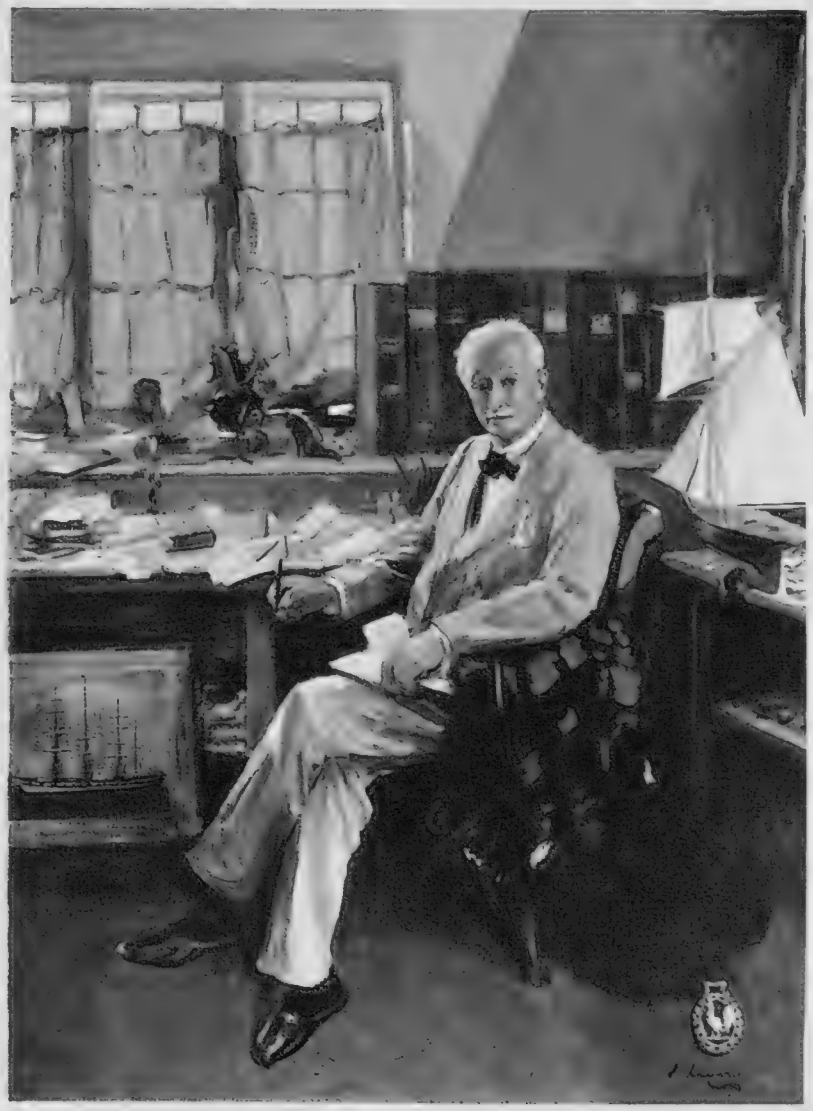
By Gerald F. Kelly, R.A.



"SIR FREDERICK HOPKINS, O.M."

By Meredith Frampton, A.R.A.

The Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, the private view of which was this week, and which opens its doors to the public next Monday is, as ever, full of interest, and the portraiture this year, as witness the illustrations on this and succeeding pages, is for the most part well up to the usual high technical standard. Elsewhere in this issue will be found an article by Arnold Palmer who discusses contemporary art with particular reference to the Academy painters and what he terms the opposition, which does not choose to offer works to Burlington House



"JOHN MASEFIELD, O.M."

By Sir John Lavery, R.A.

THE ROYAL ACA

"JOHN BALL and the PEASANTS' RISING"

Here B. Fleetwood Walker gives a dramatic impression of the itinerant priest among his men. It was his socialistic zeal and powerful preaching that largely brought about the revolt of 1381

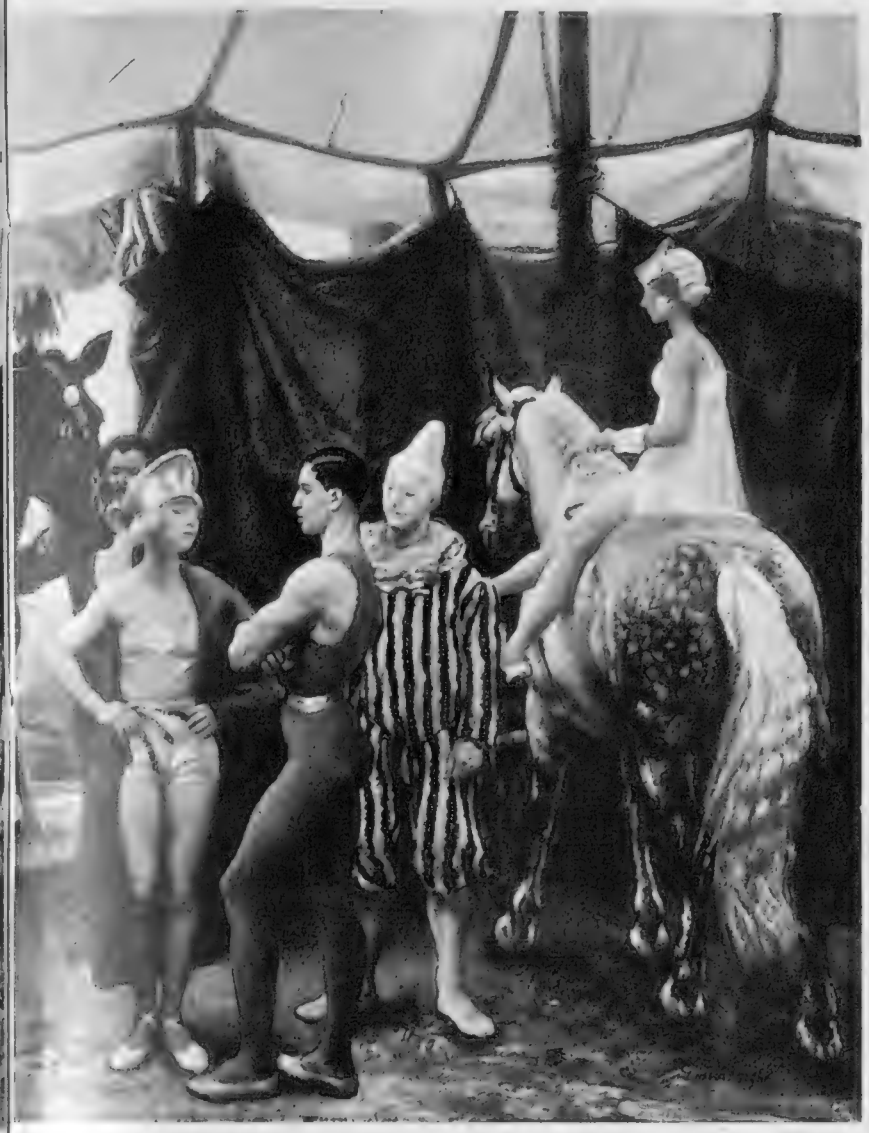
"THE CIRCUS MATINEE"
By Laura Knight, R.A.

"CONVERSATION PIECE— WORCESTER COLLEGE"

An interesting study in contemporary Oxford life by Ernest Halliday

"IN THEIR OWN HOME— SPAIN'S AGONY OF WAR"

DEMY: *More Pictures from the Summer Exhibition at Burlington House*



The essentially vital, robust, and direct technique characterising the work of Dame Laura Knight is seen to advantage in this picture of circus life, a theme she has made peculiarly her own

In times past Spain has been the happy hunting ground of the artist, but in this picture W. Russell Flint, R.A., depicts a phase of the drama, the tragedy, and the horror that have gripped the peninsula for nearly two long years

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY GEORGE BELCHER: This master of mild satire here gives us yet another delightful example of his work in very much the same vein as his Royal Academy picture of 1936, "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls"

Below—"MY WIFE," BY JAMES GUNN: A striking example of feminine portraiture

FEMININE PORTRAITURE

Royal Ladies and Others Adorning the 1938 Royal Academy at Burlington House

"JUNE, MY DAUGHTER"

By Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A.

"THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER"

By T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A.

"THE FLOWER GIRL": *By Sir Walter W. Russell, R.A.*

"LADY ABERCROMBY": *By A. K. Lawrence, R.A. Elect*

"HER MAJESTY, QUEEN MARY"

By Margaret Lindsay Williams

One of several portraits of Her Majesty included in this year's Royal Academy

STUDY IN REPOSE

"Jean," a portrait by T. Martine Ronaldson

"YVONNE": *A half-length portrait by Simon Elwes*

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"THE ARTIST'S MOTHER": *By A. K. Browning, R.O.I.*

"FORGIVE MY TYRANNY: BUT DO NOT SAY FOR THAT, FORGIVE OUR ROMANS": Coriolanus (Laurence Olivier) answers the plea of his mother (Sybil Thorndike) in one of the closing scenes of the Old Vic production of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* which is notable for some first rate acting. (*See* the review below)

"AY, CAIUS MARCIUS, DOST THOU THINK I'LL GRACE THEE WITH THAT ROBBERY?": Tullus Aufidius (William Devlin; left), the Volscian General, accuses Coriolanus (Laurence Olivier) of treachery to the Volscians whose cause he had espoused after his banishment from Rome. A dramatic moment in the Old Vic production of *Coriolanus* in which Mr. Olivier adds fresh laurels to his growing achievement as an interpreter of Shakespearean roles, revealing the implacable spirit of the proud patrician

DR. JOHNSON declared that he found *Coriolanus*—surely one of the least popular of Shakespeare's plays—"amusing." Unless the word in this case has some special Johnsonian meaning of which I am not aware, the Doctor must have been, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus amused very easily.

I did not find the production at the Old Vic last week at all amusing, except during one episode which the author no doubt intended to be grim and terrifying—the fight. Granted that stage fights between two opposing "armies" give any producer an almost insoluble problem, yet the ludicrous might surely have been dodged to a greater extent than it was. The highest point of absurdity was reached when the assault of the troops (led by Coriolanus, and wearing apparently Boy Scout hats), having been beaten off, Coriolanus himself turned to rally them in turgid rhetoric with his back a yard only from the swords of the enemy, who let him talk and talk when one thrust would have put an end alike to a bad-tempered hero and a bad play.

Mr. Laurence Olivier looked gloriously handsome and his fine voice matches his appearance; he has probably made a better job of Coriolanus than any other actor could, and he contrived to look heroic even when diving from time to time unheroically into the orchestra. Dame Sybil Thorndike actually managed to put some touches of humour into that bloodthirsty old harridan, Volumnia, as did Mr. Cecil Trouncer into the part of Menenius, which he played with an unctuous ecclesiastical sarcasm smelling rather of Anthony Trollope. Indeed, the whole cast did their very excellent best with what I venture to think is about the toughest Shakespearean proposition available. If Homer occasionally nodded, Shakespeare must have been sickening for a paralytic coma when he wrote *Coriolanus*.

The Roman crowd, by the way, was sadly meagre and did not seem to number even a dozen. But this is not the play on which to lavish costly production with any idea of its being commercially worth while. Such considerations do not, of course, weigh at the Old Vic, which is, for reasons of State, excused Entertainment Tax. I can imagine no more suitable occasion for such remission.

YOUTH'S DEBUT: Peggy Bryan and Muriel Pavlow, two of the four young actresses who play the parts of the child conspirators in *April Clouds* which began its run at the Royalty last week. In the centre is Peggy Barwell co-authoress of the play. It is extremely light fare but was received with much enthusiasm

"Wild Oats."—There is a military episode in *Wild Oats*, the new musical comedy at the Prince's which is not nearly so funny as the fight in *Coriolanus*. Mr. Sydney Howard and Mr. Arthur Riscoe having, according to the plot, won £20,000 in a football pool, determine to have a boisterously good time far, far away from their Yorkshire village. So, among other adventures, they join the French Foreign Legion. Now the French Foreign Legion is not my idea of fun, at the best of times. Here the colour is piled on and I suggest that a sadistic sergeant who cracks a dog-whip at his platoon is not in any circumstances a comic figure, and also that a large and unexpected win can purchase a less questionable form of carnival than this. Gloom was not lessened by Mr. Howard having to refer to his trousers as being "Toulon and Toulouse," an ancient wheeze dating back almost to the legions of Julius Caesar.

But Mr. Howard was genuinely funny in his impersonation of a dignified and be-velveted matron, to whom he first introduced us some years ago at the Strand Theatre when he had Mr. Leslie Henson for a partner. Mr. Riscoe follows Mr. Henson with some touches of his own and both in this scene—a raid on a night-club—and in a French revue theatre this clever pair are at the top of their form. When their money is spent they return to Yorkshire to live happily ever after at a bathing-pool instead of on a football-pool. There is not enough mawkishness in that sentimental return for it to be tiresome, and at least five-sixths of the show is good honest genial entertainment, with Miss Vera Pearce as, perhaps, its best, most honest, most genial, and most entertaining element. Miss Pearce does much more than display the fact that agility and embonpoint are not incompatible.

Miss Josephine Houston, who represents the rather hazy love-interest, had to sing to us through a microphone of such ear-splitting power that I should not be surprised to be told that the song was audible in her native America. When away from that dreadful instrument Miss Houston was charming. Had I not known that at that moment he was rehearsing as Shylock

CURRENT DRAMA: *Reviewed by* PHILIP PAGE

VERDI'S "FALSTAFF" REVIVED AT SADLER'S WELLS: Arnold Matters in the title-role and Marjorie Parry as Mistress Ford team with rare spirit together in this popular production

HOME FROM AMERICA: Jack Buchanan, who has been acting with Evelyn Laye on Broadway this winter, seen on arrival at Southampton

BE-FRILLED LOVELINESS: Rene Ray who has a leading part in *Three Blind Mice*, the new play by Stephen Powys which opened at the Duke of York's this week

I would have said that Mr. John Gielgud was more versatile than I had supposed and an amazingly good dancer. The dancer in question—facially almost indistinguishable—was Mr. Jack Donahue, who had also arranged the dances, the general production, which was very slick and efficient, being in the experienced hands of Mr. Herbert Bryan.

"The Merchant of Venice."—The mere fact that among the *cognoscenti* an argument seems to have arisen as to whether the balance of *The Merchant of Venice* is upset by emphasising Shylock indicates the importance of that character.

Now *The Merchant* though a better play than *Coriolanus*, is not of such overwhelming merit that it can afford anything approaching an understatement in the matter of the greatest stage Jew of all time. That business about the caskets—and no one who is honest about this should be accused of not recognising the immensity of Shakespeare at his peak moments—is really very silly.

The low comedy allotted to Lancelot Gobbo and to Old Gobbo is of such appalling inanity that my sympathy goes out to any actors who have to play the parts, in this case Mr. George Devine and Mr. Morland Graham, both as good as it is humanly possible to be. What, then, remains? Shylock—for the financial transactions of Antonio and Bassanio and even the trial scene itself and Portia's masquerade revolve round him.

The actor-managers of old were doubtless egotists in that they liked the centre of the stage and lots of limelight (and, what is more, their public liked them to have it). But it was not mere egotism that made them play Shylock on the full organ and with all the stops drawn out. It was also theatrical insight and the commonsense of showmanship. Whether Shylock is made to appear as a majestically dignified figure, terrifying in his wrongs, or a cringing, rather revolting semi-buffoon, dominate the play he must.

Mr. John Gielgud's Shylock was, I venture to think, off the rails because he never dominated anybody or anything. This is too good an actor to play such a part badly. There was subtlety in his interpretation and other good qualities too. But it registered so little that the Jew seemed to have become almost a minor part, of hardly more import than that cad Gratiano who, in the person of Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, baited him with such clever caddishness.

This left the way clear for Miss Peggy Ashcroft and I would like to say that she stepped along it boldly. Unfortunately she was much too ladylike to do anything boldly; her Portia was a pleasant, well-bred young woman, with perfect diction, and very sweetly romantic in the love scenes. If that is Shakespeare's Portia Miss Ashcroft can be given full marks. I do not believe it is for one moment. Miss Angela Baddeley played Nerissa for laughs and got them. Probably she was right. Sound and dignified was Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Antonio and I can think of no higher praise for Mr. Richard Ainley's Bassanio than to say that Henry Ainley has reason to be proud of his son.

Mr. Herbert Menges's incidental music is sufficiently of the period and intrinsically delightful. For the odd scenery one could only claim that it enabled the play to run along swiftly and that it must have been comfortably inexpensive. I did not like those mosquito curtains. Indeed, I did not like any of it.

"April Clouds." Some years ago was produced a piece entitled *Pollyanna*, who was an interfering child with priggish ambitions to invite confidences and to bring more happiness and human understanding into the world. That sort of drivel is all very well for the newest phase of Sunday journalism and for a world which seems to survive being preached at from E.C.4. But the St. James's Theatre in 1924 would have none of it, and although the part was cleverly played by Miss Joan Barry (as pretty as fifty peaches) the run was short.

Pollyanna's near relation has now turned up at the Royalty in *April Clouds*, which is a better play and would seem to stand more chance of success, (although not on that account). But it is marred by the antics of its young people, and of one young person in chief: and also by a theme which I can only hope will appeal to the general public more than it did to me. Adultery, unquestionably reprehensible, though it has its points, is the basis of a large proportion of plays both ancient and modern. Which in itself may or may not be reprehensible.

What I find hardly tolerable is the spectacle of children spying on parental adultery. The dentist's wife found the dentist dull and so took a lover. The children formed what they called a "Secret Society" laid in wait, made notes about secret meetings and so forth—and all, apparently, with the notion of making the world in general and their home in particular a happier place. Poor Mrs. Dentist's lover was cooling off anyway, and Miss Catherine Lacey, who played the part with

(*Continued on page 214*)

LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS THE VIRGIN QUEEN in *Elizabeth, la Femme Sans Homme*, the play translated from the French and transferred last week to the Haymarket. Miss Braithwaite, to whom an historical role is a novelty, gives a clever performance and makes the Queen a credible figure, with her dominating masculine ways that at times fail to hide her womanly instinct

THE MARTIN DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE adorning the title page of the Second Folio (1632). It is one of the three likenesses of the poet which, according to expert opinion, have some claim to be considered genuine

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE SAFEGUARDED

Between 90,000 and 100,000 people every year visit Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery near Stratford-on-Avon, and it is good to know that still more land adjoining this famed spot is to be preserved for all time from the possibility of unsightly building development. Thanks to the public spiritedness of Mrs. J. L. T. Evans, of Shottery, 17 acres of her property, on which her own home stands, have, subject to her own life tenancy, been handed over to the Shakespeare Trust, and these, together with the property already owned by the Trust, make an effective ring round the home of Shakespeare's wife so that no vandal hand can mar the natural beauties of the district.

Land Adjoining the Home of Shakespeare's Wife Presented to the Shakespeare Trust to Preserve it from Building Development

The drawings on this page, which have been specially made for "The Sphere," show the situation of the newly acquired property which includes both woodland and grassland. Mrs. Evans, who is a Justice of the Peace for Stratford, has done a great deal at varying times to preserve the amenities of Shakespeare's birthplace.

SAFE FROM THE BUILDER: A sketch showing on the left the home of Shakespeare's wife, Anne Hathaway, and, stretching away to the right of Shottery Brook, part of the 17 acres of land which Mrs. J. L. T. Evans, of Shottery, has just presented to the Shakespeare Trust, Stratford-on-Avon, in order to ensure that it shall be preserved from any threat of building development

The Mysterious Anne Hathaway

By EVAN JOHN

THE generosity of a good citizen of Stratford-on-Avon re-directs attention to one of the best-known names but least-known personalities in our history. Everyone has heard of Anne Hathaway; few of us know anything about her except that she married Shakespeare—probably in a hurry, possibly under a cloud—that she bore him three children, and that she was left nothing in his will except his second-best bed. When we apply to the learned, we are told that there is, indeed, little more to be known. Upon that little there have been built mountains of conjecture, romance, and slander; but each guess merely contradicts the last and leaves the truth as debatable as ever. The wife of England's greatest man remains a mere shadow, a name only to be conjured with by those with a taste for unsolved and probably insoluble riddles.

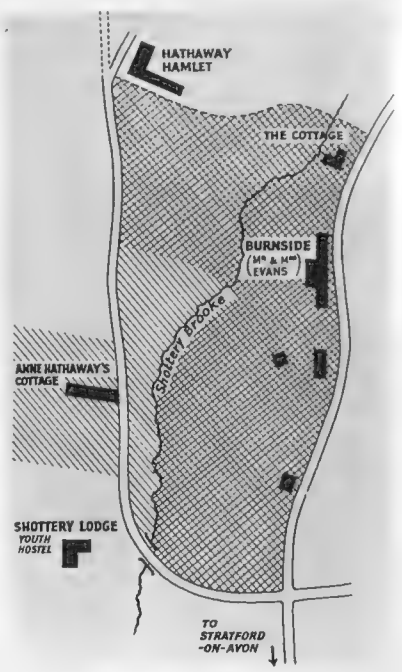
We begin with doubts about her parentage and even her name. Her father may have been a certain Richard Hathaway who died at Shottery in 1581, owner of "Anne Hathaway's Cottage," then known as "Hewland." He mentions a daughter Agnes in his will, and no daughter Anne; but the two names were so often interchanged that we may perhaps presume identity. The real difficulties begin with the written records of the next year. On November 27, 1582, "William Shaxpere" was granted a licence to marry "Agnes Whateley of Temple Grafton." On November 28 a bond was made out for the marriage of "William Shagspere" to "Anne Hathwey of Stratford." It is possible that the first was for some different and untraced couple. It is more likely that "Whateley" is a bad miswriting of "Hathewey"; we happen to know that the responsible clerk had been dealing that day with the affairs of a certain William Whateley, and may have got the surname on the brain. But, unless Anne wished to go to a neighbouring village for her wedding in order to avoid local gossip, there is no known reason for her to describe herself as "of Temple Grafton." All things considered, it is not surprising that Shakespeare has been accused of planning to marry one lady on one day and, on the next, being detected and forced to marry another by her indignant friends. The fact that he was eighteen and she twenty-six has been cited as corroboration. Even if we dismiss the charge, the special licence seems to imply a need for haste. It was justified six months later by the birth of his daughter Susanna.

Charitable interpretations are possible. It was not unusual nor discreditable for country couples to live together with no ceremony but that of the binding betrothal. The hasty wedding may have been the religious registration of a happy private union. Soon after it—perhaps a few years, perhaps a few months—Shakespeare was driven from Stratford either by his poaching escapades or by ambition and the need of money to repair his father's declining fortunes. He does not seem to have taken Anne with him; possibly the double removal was impracticable. But tradition represents him as returning yearly to his wife; Susanna's birth was certainly followed, in 1585, by that of the twins, Hamnet and Judith. No less certainly, when his London career began to bring in the much-needed money, he spent it on a fine house in Stratford, to which he retired far earlier than he need have done if home-life were indeed irksome. The famous or infamous interpolation in his will may merely mean that Anne asked him, at the last moment, to mention the second-best bed. To mention *her* was not necessary, for Common Law gave her a life interest in the property he bequeathed (Hamnet having died young) to his daughters and a son-in-law. Anne was now an oldish woman, possibly an invalid, to whom the actual ownership of property might be more burden than pleasure.

Drawings specially made for "The Sphere" by Dennis Flanders

INCLUDED IN THE GIFT: This cottage, part of which belongs to much the same period as the home of Anne Hathaway nearby, is situated on the seventeen acres of land which have just been presented to the Shakespeare Trust, Stratford-on-Avon, to safeguard its rural aspect. The donor, Mrs. J. L. T. Evans, is a local Justice of the Peace

Such interpretations of meagre evidence are admissible rather than convincing. The very meagreness is daunting—even in an age not given to putting private and family emotions on paper. And the balance of probabilities seems somewhat against the affectionate life-partnership that some have imagined. The *Sonnets* may not be autobiographical, but they hardly read like the work of a happily married man. The Plays reveal even less, but certain lines stick in the mind—strictures, like Prospero's, against anticipating the wedding ceremony; warnings, like Orsino's, about young husbands and elder wives. Whenever we lift the corners of the blank curtain that hides Shakespeare's relations with his wife, we see nothing to suggest romance or an inspiring affection. It seems probable that the footpath to Shottery led him, at best, to a youthful adventure, to a housekeeper for an occasionally visited home, and a mother to his children.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AND ITS ENVIRONS: A plan showing the area (indicated by single diagonal lines) which has for some time past been controlled by the Shakespeare Trust, and the new area of 17 acres (indicated by criss-cross lines) lately presented to the Trust by Mrs. Evans. She will be tenant of the property during her life

THEY ARE IN THE ARMY NOW

How the War Department Deals with Its Raw Material

SHALL I? A possible recruit stands with an air of indecision by a poster, calling for men to join the service, put up outside London's Central Recruiting Depot. Maybe the smart appearance of the guard will be a factor in winning him over

A BATH COMES FIRST: Every would-be soldier applying at London's Central Recruiting Depot has a hot bath before undergoing the medical examination at which his fate will be determined. As a rule only three out of every five applicants are accepted, the others, for one reason or another, failing to come up to the high physical standard necessary for the service

AFTER THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION the would-be recruit, who is wearing only a dressing gown, signs the doctor's book and soon he will be told whether he is to be accepted. Under the present War Minister his chances are much brighter than formerly

TAKING THE OATH OF LOYALTY: Recruits who have been accepted as physically and mentally fit for service being sworn in at the depot before starting their new life. *Above on right*—Territorial recruiting is going ahead almost as fast as it is with the Regulars, and here we see a propaganda demonstration of anti-aircraft apparatus at the Tottenham football ground

THE RAW MATERIAL AND WHAT THEY MAKE OF IT: *Above*—The recruiting sergeant gives his charges final instructions before dispatching them to their units. *Right*—They feed them well in the Army, the recruit usually putting on quite a bit of weight and broadening out in his first year. In these days, indeed, the service is becoming increasingly attractive thanks to the sweeping measures introduced by the present War Minister who has improved living conditions and brought about increases in pay and family allowances, costing the nation £1,800,000 a year. As a result many more married men can now well afford to enter the forces

A Page for Women

THE TIME FACTOR IN FASHION

Daytime Jauntiness
Evening Romanticism

Heim's charming rose coloured frock, spotted with black and veiled by a black lace bolero and overskirt, is very young and gay. He uses these two same fabrics for the short-fingered gloves

A bolero again, in pale blue, decorated with bunches of grapes. Lelong puts it over a black skirt with a wine coloured belt and a light pleated top

Here is a fine black straw hat with coloured plumes thrust through the brim, worn with one of Lelong's simple but boldly patterned blouses in red, green, and black on a white ground

YOU have got to be able to wear jaunty clothes with a debonair air if you want to fit into the latest fashion picture, for by day it is almost a little-girl jauntiness that counts. It is an effect achieved not by studied girlishness, but by an almost extreme simplicity of line, a looser look about all our clothes, and the brave use of colour.

Boleros have a lot to do with it, especially when they are worn with dresses that have a very slender waist and hip line, and a short pleated skirt.

You can have them in a light weight wool to match your skirt; in broderie anglaise or vivid prints. You can set them into the side seams, so that the back of the dress is plain, or you can with equal success completely reverse this process. It is the shortness of them that is important, because it draws attention to the tiny waistline that is the outstanding fashion point this year, for somehow or other, by easy means or by sheer hard work, you have got to mould the centre part of your body into smooth, svelte lines.

Veiled hats, parti-coloured gloves, lots of flowers, frail lingerie blouses, and coats that are bright as a summer garden all help to stress the unforced charm of daytime clothes.

After eight o'clock it is an entirely different story. Simplicity is forgotten, and romance comes into its own. Not for years has there been such a spate of picture frocks, of billowing masses of tulle or organdie, of heavy lace, and of satin skirts so stiff that they can stand alone.

The square shoulders that are our daytime delight are forgotten, and the sloping ones of Victoria's reign are glorified by tiny built-up bodices cut straight along the top and round the arms so that the shoulders are completely bare. Victorianism, in fact, is rampant in such accessories as triangular black lace evening shawls, tiny Empress Eugenie hats, feathered and veiled, lace mittens, and roses tucked into the back of the hair.

If you are not a picture type, then there are closely moulded frocks stiffly flounced from the knees, like a Spanish dress. Or you can wear a Princess dress, left a little slack about the waist, and surmounted by a curved jacket that fits closely at the back and is as short as a bolero in front. Or, best of all if it suits you, a chalk white frock, exquisitely draped about the hips with the folds lifted and swept to one side of the skirt and the corsage intricately twisted.

For the rest, wear lots of ribbons. In your hair, round your waist, on your gloves, twisted in loops on wide skirts, ruched into flower embroideries on tulle ones. Indulge in half length evening capes. Lots of sequins, used subtly, and worked into lightly traced designs. And masses of variegated flowers.

Here is romance in the Rembrandt manner. This picture hat in blue velvet is trimmed with aubergine velvet ribbon, the sweeping line of the brim emphasised by a tuft of blue, aubergine, and yellow ostrich tips

Nothing could be more fresh and utterly lovely than this point de Venise dress by Chanel. The gloves have matching gauntlets, the waist is encircled by the simplest white taffetta ribbon, and around her neck the girl wears a delicate flower necklace

There is a Directoire air about this Heim dress in red and white striped tulle, with its frilled neck and hemline, and its velvet belt finished off with choux. It has the picturesque simplicity which characterises so many of this summer's evening frocks

"THE OLD LADY" AND HER NEW STOREYS: The Bank of England as it appears to-day now that the reconstruction on a loftier scale, which was begun in 1924 from the designs of Sir Herbert Baker, is almost complete. The Bank's increasing volume of business has made the extension a prime necessity

LONDON NEW— LONDON OLD

Changes in the City, Mayfair, and Finchley

On right—AN OLD CITY THOROUGHFARE GOES MODERN: Men engaged in laying a rubber roadway in Lombard Street to lessen noise and the chance of skidding. In the early nineteenth-century coaching days Lombard Street was a place of great activity, as it was there that the General Post Office was situated and the mail coaches congregated before starting for the country. Thomas de Quincey, it may be remembered, painted a wonderful word picture of the scene. "Can these be horses that bound off with the action and gesture of leopards?" He wrote. "What stir! what sea-like ferment! what a thundering of wheels! what a trampling of hoofs! what a sounding of trumpets! and what farewell cheers."

Drawn by Percy Home

IN THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEBREAKERS: This further section of old Berkeley Square is going the way of the big block demolished to make way for the great flat and office building now arising. The section at present being demolished is also on the east side, so that when the work is finished the whole of the once picturesque east side of the square will have vanished. The houses in this section—Nos. 20 to 24—were of the same brick and veranda type which characterised the Walpole-Waldegrave period. The rounded end was particularly attractive. Of recent years the private owners left and the houses were occupied by business people

L.P.T.B. DEVELOPMENT IN NORTH LONDON: Looking up the escalator shaft of the new Acacia Road Station being built at Finchley in connection with the London Passenger Transport Board's £8,000,000 scheme of extensions. The first part of the scheme will be finished by the summer of 1939

LONDON HAS A SCORE OR MORE OF GALLERIES, and it is difficult, except for the man of leisure, to keep pace with the flow of invitations to see contemporary work

THE CLEFT PALETTE

The Royal Academy May Represent Much That is Good in Contemporary Art, but What of the Painters Forming the Opposition who Never Send Their Work to Burlington House?

THERE are people who believe that they have covered the whole field of contemporary British painting when they have paid their annual visit to Burlington House. After a painstaking examination of the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy, they have done, or at any rate done with, Art for the next twelve months. But the daughters and nieces who so dutifully accompany them must sometimes be troubled by unruly speculations.

They may have decided, in the course of the preceding months and years, that the artists who, in the opinion of the newspapers, arouse the most interest in the public are Mr. John, Mr. Sickert, Mr. Epstein, Mr. Stanley Spencer and Dame Laura Knight; and these inquiring young folk, if they think a little further, must notice that only one of these five artists are to be found at the moment among the eighty or more members of the Royal Academy.

Then there is the case of Mr. P. Wilson Steer. He is not a member of the Academy, doesn't even show his pictures there. Yet King George V bestowed on him, alone of living painters, that most cherished of honours, the Order of Merit.

It is very perplexing. And the closer the problem is studied, the more the mystery deepens. The State-controlled National Gallery of British Art (better known as the Tate) and the semi-official Royal Academy (founded under the patronage of George III and still dependant on the Royal pleasure) might be expected to be in fairly close agreement on the merits of contemporary artists. They are not.

Wildenstein

"MRS. BURGER"

By William Coldstream

When at the Tate Gallery a few days ago, I took stock of the situation; and the figures are informative. The works of fifty-two living British painters were on view. Of the fifty-two, twenty-one (or 40 per cent.) are members of the Royal Academy, thirty-one (or 60 per cent.) are not. Further, of the thirty-one non-members eighteen (over 33 per cent. of the whole) never show at Burlington House at all.

If, at this point, our earnest young lady, whom we left in the Academy, asks her aunt or mother to reconcile these discrepancies, she is only too likely to be told that every painter would like to show at the R.A. and that, if an artist doesn't, it is (depend upon it) because there is a very good reason for excluding him. To the further objection that there are well-known men who don't, apparently, even submit their pictures to the Selection Committee, the harassed lady will certainly reply that they are conceited men, smarting from failure to become members or to have their works hung in the best positions.

It is true that, where Academies exist, there will always be artists suffering from wounded vanity. But not all the sour grapes are out of reach, and there are others who are merely indifferent to all large scale organisations of art.

But whatever the attitude, the work of well-known men like Sir William Nicholson, Matthew Smith, the Nash brothers, Duncan Grant, Leon Underwood, William Roberts, Ivon Hitchens, Henry Moore, Jack Yeats and Mark Gertler, and of well-known women like Gwen John, Thérèse Lessore, Winifred Nicholson, Vanessa Bell, Frances Hodgkin and Eve Kirk is never to be found at Burlington House; and it follows that people who confine themselves to the summer exhibitions held there will not know the full range of contemporary English painting.

Reid and Lefevre

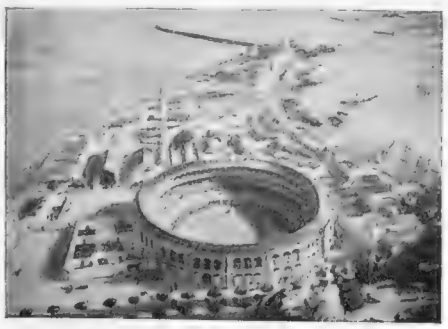
"DRESSMAKERS"

By William Roberts

In an article like this, deliberately concerned with non-Academic art, there is a danger of doing less than justice to the central body. The Royal Academy has a reputation, a history, and a tradition, and its annual summer exhibitions allow us to see conveniently, comfortably and thoroughly a display representative of the work of its members and supporters who, if they do not include all, embrace many of the good artists in the country. No other single annual exhibition approaches it in size, organisation and dignity, and the people who ignore it are as narrow and set as the people who never look outside it.

Though its harshest critics are often precisely those who unwearyingly proclaim their belief in nationality in Art, the Academy consistently shows itself the most British of institutions, chronicling the habits, character, and tastes of the majority of Englishmen, and offering resistance to the predominant (perhaps over-dominant) influence on the art of painting throughout the world during the last 100 years—French influence. By its origins and its continuity, the Royal Academy has raised the social status of artists and brought material advantages to a profession whose followers are usually underpaid; for though an artist who is elected to membership does not automatically raise his prices in the same way as a barrister taking silk, he often (though not always) finds that increase in prestige carries with it an increase in earning power.

Looking for pictures of a kind not seen at Burlington House entails, by contrast, a little work. Instead of a central building with noble, well-lit apartments, instead of a single large exhibition arranged in a pattern convenient and familiar to habitués, and enjoying a reserved place in the almanac, there are a score or more galleries of scattered sites, and ever-changing displays.



Leicester Galleries

"THE BULL RING, MALAGA"

By William Nicholson

First, there are the three big public galleries—the Suffolk Street, the Royal Institute (in Piccadilly) and the New Burlington (in Burlington Gardens). At these premises, exhibitions of different societies succeed one another throughout the year. But, with one exception, these shows are apt to be Consolation Academies, showing a large proportion of Academic work of a lower standard than obtains at Burlington House. The exception is the annual exhibition of the London Group, held every November at the New Burlington Galleries. This is the Academy of the Revolutionary, of the Young, or at least the Still Young. It is too big, and always contains many more bad pictures than good ones. But it is the only organised and important annual exhibition of non or anti-Academic art, and the readers I have in mind must, in their groping, be careful not to miss it.

By courtesy of T. M. Burrell, Esq.

"PORTRAIT"

By P. Wilson Steer, O.M.

If that were all, if the non-academic and the anti-academic, the young and the strange all supported and were welcomed by the London Group, the search would not be too arduous. But it is not so. There are painters who dislike the London Group as much as they dislike the Academy, and there are others who are misfits in all societies; and to see their work, often so very well worth seeing, one has to tour endlessly the smaller, private galleries where the dealers display their wares.

Wildenstein

"R. MOYNIHAN"

By W. W. Winkworth

These numerous establishments differ in almost every possible respect; from deep-rooted businesses like Colnaghi's to newly flourishing concerns like the Storran; from Agnew's or the Redfern, where you will usually find English pictures, to Tooth's, the Leicester, or the Lefevre, where you will see foreign work alternating with the home product; from large, multiple galleries like Cooling's to small, intimate ones like the Calmann or the Adams; from galleries like the Mayor or the London,

(Continued on page 210)

Wildenstein

"GEORGE HARDINGE"

By Anthony Devas

Sir Alexander Hardinge's son, who has the distinction of being the only boy in history to have been Page of Honour to three kings

magnificent possession

The main feature of this lounge by Harrods is a superb bookcase, worthily matched—the ensemble relieved by velvet. Specially noteworthy is the mural decor of painted walnut, with marbled pilasters and cornice. The interesting niche, for the repose of 'objets,' has glass shelves discreetly lit from below.

Mahogany Bookcase, reproduction late 18th century, with serpentine front. £98 . 0 . 0

Card Table, with drawer; mahogany reproduction; 2 ft. 7 ins. £15 . 15 . 0

Table with sliae, 12 ins. square. £6 . 6 . 0

Urnstand; 12 ins. square, 19½ ins. high. £5 . 10 . 0

Easy Chair, in beige figured silk velvet, upholstered all hair, and trimmed with rouche and braid. £24 . 12 . 6

Wing Easy Chair covered and trimmed to match. £19 . 19 . 0

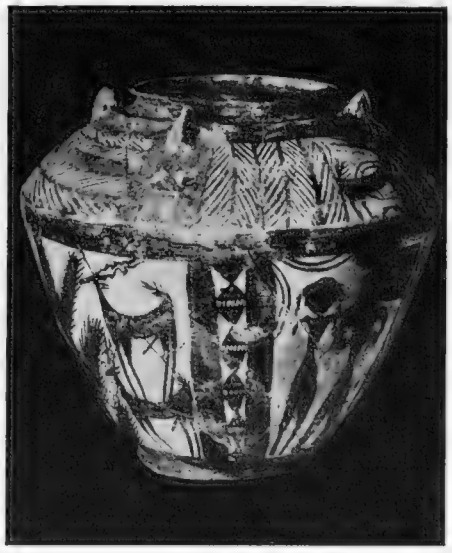
Harrods

HARRODS LTD
LONDON SWI

DID THEY PLAY CHESS 6,000 YEARS AGO?

One of the Latest American Finds in Iraq Throws Light on the Question

IF THESE FIGURES ARE CHESSMEN, and there is considerable reason to believe that they are, their discovery in Level 14 at Tepe Gaura, Northern Iraq, by the University of Pennsylvania Expedition provides evidence that chess or its prototype was counted among the diversions of the Mesopotamians of 6,000 years ago



DATING FROM THE FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C.: This pot, painted in black and white on a plum-coloured background, was brought to light near Bagdad, during last season's work of the expedition partly organised by the University of Pennsylvania

A TREASURE FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES: This well-preserved Sumerian double pipe, wrought in silver and dating from about 2,800 B.C., was among the rare old musical instruments displayed by the American Society of Ancient Instruments at its National Festival which this year had its venue at Pennsylvania University, Philadelphia

The World of Books

Some New Novels of Note : The Freshness of Kate O'Brien

By VERNON FANE

EVEN to the reader who winces at the mention of that pervasive Irish charm, whose heart sinks at the thought of Cathleen Ni Houlihan's four green fields, and who takes the gloomiest possible view of Eire and Erse, the novels of Miss Kate O'Brien come as a fresh and too infrequent delight.

This is partly because Miss O'Brien holds an exquisite balance between sentiment and sentimentality, and shows in that very discrimination a feeling for integrity and the just word which, if we accept the dictum of George Moore, is not usually an attribute of Irish writers.

With **PRAY FOR THE WANDERER** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) Miss O'Brien is back in the countryside of Mellick and the Vale of Honey; the lovely and nostalgic landscape of *Without My Cloak*. Her Ireland is a real Ireland and a beautiful one. Her characters are essentially Irish, and people of a cultured, sensitive race; yet in their dramas, their disappointments, their loves and, paradoxically enough, in their extravagances, there is a moderation that makes them both credible and civilised.

In a vein of strong and, at times, brilliant criticism the author examines the nature of her country-people with a clear-eyed detachment that has no affinity to a Celtic twilight. In a wave of feeling one of her characters exclaims:

"We've created no art in Ireland such as the other great Catholic peoples have . . . no painters at all, by European standards. We don't understand painting, good, bad, or indifferent. No sculptors, and none coming. Absolutely no composers of music. . . . We can, and do, produce literature . . . because we are cerebral. I admit that—and we are moralists and observers and mockers. That's our line—when we're not afraid of it. Words we have some mastery with."

At the very lowest reckoning that is not a passage from a conventional Irish romance; more appreciatively it is the bare outline of a very far-reaching analysis. As for the story, it is not conventional, but it is most certainly a romance. Indeed, I sometimes think Miss O'Brien is one of the only true romantics left to us, and by that I mean a writer with the power of infusing her words with a golden glow as valuable and far, far rarer than the blue-white daylight of realism.

One of the qualities in an ideal reviewer might be an ability to pigeon-hole the mind in neat glass-fronted compartments such as one observes in the kitchen department of an ideal home exhibition. Thus, when writing of books, the reviewer would have no wayward thoughts about films, and the theatre critic would scarcely ever be reminded, at any rate not strongly enough to dash into print with it, of an interesting anecdote he knew about restaurants.

As it is, few people are so methodically constituted, and perhaps I least of all, since in reading Mr. Robert Nathan's **WINTER IN APRIL** (Constable. 7s. 6d.) I was haunted by the crisp young gaiety of Miss Deanna Durbin who might well have played, and may still, the power of Hollywood being what it is, the fifteen-year-old New York schoolgirl of this charming little story.

True, Mr. Nathan's little heroine has few opportunities for singing, but she has a small gramophone and once, in a moment of elation, she sings "The Last Rose of Summer." The ingenuity of a good scenario writer could do the rest.

Although the *venue* of this book is New York, it is neither the slick nor the brutal New York of the contemporary novelist. It is a reasonable town in which an old Professor and his granddaughter may live very peaceably with no greater problems than are presented by his managing sister and the child's touching love for a young German refugee. It is a slight story, and all the more moving for not being overburdened with implications beyond its obvious scope.

Mr. Nathan is chiefly and commendably preoccupied with the actual writing of his story. He is a stylist in the simplest and most lucid meaning of that word, and it is difficult for the reader to believe that he thinks, with Professor Pennifer, that "Of all the Arts, that of writing has the least future." This wise old gentleman, represented as a winner of the Nobel Prize, though for what activity one is never quite certain, has more than this to say on the subject of writing and says it with quiet professorial conviction. "I believe that we have already seen the last writers in the world," he muses. "Why should there be any more writers after this; we do not need them. It is no longer necessary to read and write in order to communicate with others. The air itself is full of voices . . . since there is so much to interest and amuse us, we are not likely to ask ourselves how it is done. A circus is not the best place to discuss grammar and syntax."

Whatever arguments Mr. Nathan may devise though, he is unlikely to convert a single reader while the standard of his own writing remains so obstinately high.

It might be the credo of one school of writing in this day and age that "toughness is all." Certainly Mr. James M. Cain would subscribe to that if his new novel, **SERENADE** (Cape. 7s. 6d.) is in any way an accurate gauge. And how else, gossip-writers and diarists apart, shall one gauge the trend of an author's development?

Serenade is certainly tough, to the extent of challenging all four fists of Messrs. Hemingway and O'Hara on their own typewriters. Judicially considered, I think Mr. Cain wins on points. He is, as far as I know, the first of his set to have thought of a rape scene in a church, which is the sort of thing one has the right to dislike without being called squeamish.

The famous singer, periodically voiceless and in magnificent voice, according to the phases of his more personal life, is the hero of this fast-moving story, if such a story can be said to have a hero. There are shootings, escapes, triumphs, one murder, and a magnificently described scene in the Hollywood Bowl during the performance of *Carmen*. It is a story which has colour, pace, excitement, and everything but reticence.

And, after all, it was scarcely reticence which made the success of the contemporary edition of the blood-and-thunder school.

Miss Romilly Cavan is a very young and, I have it on the authority of the book's wrapper, very pretty writer, whose fourth novel is just that much of an advance on its predecessors. **CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE** (Constable. 8s. 6d.) is, as the price indicates, a rather long novel, and by novel readers' standards, a rather good one.

That is to say, it has no fewer than three love stories, two success stories, and two infinitely sympathetic failure stories. It has a heroine who looks like an angel and dresses with considerably more variety, as well as a genuinely likeable young hero who can never seem to get his life quite straight.

As a meteoric playwright Mark seems to achieve a further success in marrying the angelic Moira, but his reverses are such that he soon finds himself the ineffectual stop-at-home husband of one of London's most famous *couturières*. This makes Mark both restless and miserable. The inspiration for his plays seems to peter out and the only constant factors in his life are his love for his wife and an irritated sense of inadequacy.

With real good sense Miss Cavan does not offer a solution to his problems; certainly Moira is allowed to show no lack of devotion to her dress-making business, and Mark is left on the verge of a doubtful reconciliation to a wife with that fatal habit of doing everything just a little bit better than the next woman.

Nevertheless the excellence of Miss Cavan's novel does not depend entirely upon the single string of the relationship between Mark and Moira. There are a number of minor characters, excellently drawn, and all with their place in the story. Constructionally it is the model of a good novel with a strong emotional appeal. Moreover Miss Cavan has a very individual style; a gentle, friendly way of writing which unobtrusively betrays a feeling for words and rhythms which all poets and few novelists have. The gift is so rare nowadays, when everybody seems to have forgotten Meredith, that I hope Miss Cavan will cherish and tend it carefully and not be tempted to force it under the praise of publishers and critics.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—A TOUR IN NORTHUMBRIA. By Douglas Goldring. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. ARROWSMITH.—SOLDIER'S END. By Conal O'Riordan. 8s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—CRICKET FORM AT A GLANCE FOR SIXTY YEARS, 1878-1937. By Sir Home Gordon. 5s. BELL.—BREATHE FREELY! The Truth About Poison Gas. By James Kendall. 3s. 6d. CAPE.—MASTER SHOWMAN. By Al. G. Barnes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. SERENADE. By James M. Cain. 7s. 6d. CASSELL.—COUNT BELISARIUS. By Robert Graves. 8s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—HERE COMES THE COPPER. By Henry Wade. 7s. 6d. H. E. W. DEANE & SONS.—THE PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK, 1938. 10s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—HIGH MEADOWS. By Alison Uttley. 8s. 6d. MY WIFE'S THE LEAST OF IT. By William Gerhardi. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—D'ANNUNZIO. By Tom Antongini. 15s. ROBERT HALE.—MEN, ISLANDS AND OCEANS. By Edgar Lajtha. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SOCIETY SENSATIONS. By Horace Wyndham. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE POINTLESS KNIFE. By Constance W. Dodge. 8s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—ALL CATS ARE GREY. By Charles G. Givens. 8s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—MISS BENDIX. By Naomi Royde Smith. 4s. 6d. METHUEN.—LIVING AGAIN: An Autobiography. By Felix Riesenberg. 10s. 6d. COURTHOUSE SQUARE. By Hamilton Basso. 8s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—EDITH DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH. By M.C.S.M. Illustrated. 9s. THE FUR MASTERS. By Alan Sullivan. 7s. 6d. RICHARDS.—SPEAK FOR YOURSELF. By Jane Ellis. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER.—WITHOUT APOLOGY. By Lord Alfred Douglas. 10s. 6d. SKEFFINGTON.—SHEPHERDS OF SUSSEX. By Barclay Wills. Illustrated. 6s.

STERLING SILVER

Genuine silverware invariably carries four marks, the assay office stamp, date letter, sovereign's mark and maker's initials. Thus, connoisseurs can tell that the lovely Newdegate centrepiece here illustrated, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, was made by Paul Lamerie in London in the reign of George II, 1743-4.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

Genuine ale, like sterling silver, also has its distinguishing mark. It is appropriate, therefore, that the Bass Triangle should have been the very first to be registered under the Trade Marks Act. Bass, the Vintage Ale of England, is recognised by the Triangle so that throughout the world, those for whom only the best is good enough may know that they are being supplied with genuine Bass.

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Arthur Tooth

"THE LIFFEY, DUBLIN" *By Eve Kirk*

The Cleft Palette

(*Continued from page* 206)

which specialise in very advanced art, to houses like the Fine Arts, where you will rarely or never encounter difficult, experimental work; from the London branches of Continental firms like Wildenstein's or Rosenberg's to galleries with no discoverable policy of any kind.

By experience, I find that there are about thirty of these privately owned galleries that I enter in the course of a year—some of them once only, others every month. I go for work as well as pleasure, having a job which requires me to spend more time looking at pictures than the ordinary man or woman can afford to do. But everyone can find some hours for a hobby, and if you are sufficiently interested in pictures to be reading this article, you will make opportunities for at least an occasional visit to the establishments of the more enterprising dealers. Often you will find that the paintings there shown are not English at all but French.

Leicester Galleries

"WILD NARCISSUS AND ROMAN HYACINTH" *By Winifred Nicholson*

For some time now London has been flooded with French works. The reasons for that are largely economic. But whatever the causes and whatever our artists may think of all this imported competition the public has profited by such a chance to study nineteenth- and twentieth-century French pictures. They have profoundly influenced the art of the world and even in this remote island many pictures are now painted which cannot be fully understood and enjoyed without some acquaintance with the course of French painting, from Courbet to Braque, during the last 100 years.

In these galleries, then, you will also meet the work not only of the men and women already mentioned and represented in public and private collections, but also of a crowd of younger, or at least later, arrivals not to be found at Burlington House—landscape painters such as Coxon, Nadia Benois, Du Plessis, Morland, Lewis and Daintery, the portraitists, William Coldstream, Anthony Devas, Rodrigo Moynihan and others, subject painters like Claude Rogers or Edith Grainger-Taylor, the surrealists, Tristram Hellier and Edward Wadsworth, decorative artists like David Jones, Edward Wolfe and Jo Jones, abstractionists like Jessica Dismorr or Ben Nicholson, and many, many others too numerous to mention.

Agnew

"THE TERRACE" *By Vanessa Bell*

Arthur Tooth

"GREEN LANDSCAPE" *By Matthew Smith*

Some of their pictures are very easy, others are difficult, to understand. The difficult nature of much of the art of our time, in music and sculpture as well as painting, needs no emphasising.

The gap between an Academician of the type of Mr. Cadogan Cowper and a modernist like Mr. Ben Nicholson is too wide to be spanned by any single pair of legs; it is a flat impossibility for any one human being to admire the work of both these artists. Fortunately, the feat is not really necessary; and, given time, the passage from right to left and to the intermediate resting places may be made gently and almost imperceptibly with the help of liaison artists who, apart from their merits as painters, do splendid service in linking up the different schools and in preventing the art of painting from falling into watertight compartments.

That danger exists even in England, where artists are comparatively shy of giving themselves up to theories. When our young lady (who, if she is wise, will begin her self-instruction by paying visits to the Tate or the nearest municipal gallery) ventures later in the year into the Academy of the Left, the London Group exhibition, she is bound to experience a sensation of dizziness. It is at this moment that the value of the liaison artists makes itself felt.

How reassuring, in that den of cut-throats, to recognise the kindly and familiar features of an Ethel Walker, a Dunlop, a James Fitton, a Kirkland Jamieson, and others hallowed and hall-marked by the Royal Academy! How easy their pictures look here, and how beautiful! Never have their virtues seemed so striking. And, in so thinking, our young lady has recognised beauty which she had possibly overlooked or not fully appreciated before.

Her eye has been stretched just a little—not for the first time, for there are plenty of paintings which will have done that for her at Burlington House, if she gave them the chance—but now she must be prepared to have it dragged from its socket. As, nursing that injured organ, she leaves the building, she may well vow never to enter it again.

Even so, she may have started, without knowing it, on a long and lovely journey. In that case, whether she returns to Burlington House or to one or more of the intermediate stations, she can look forward, however long she lives, to travelling happily until she dies.

Arnold Palmer

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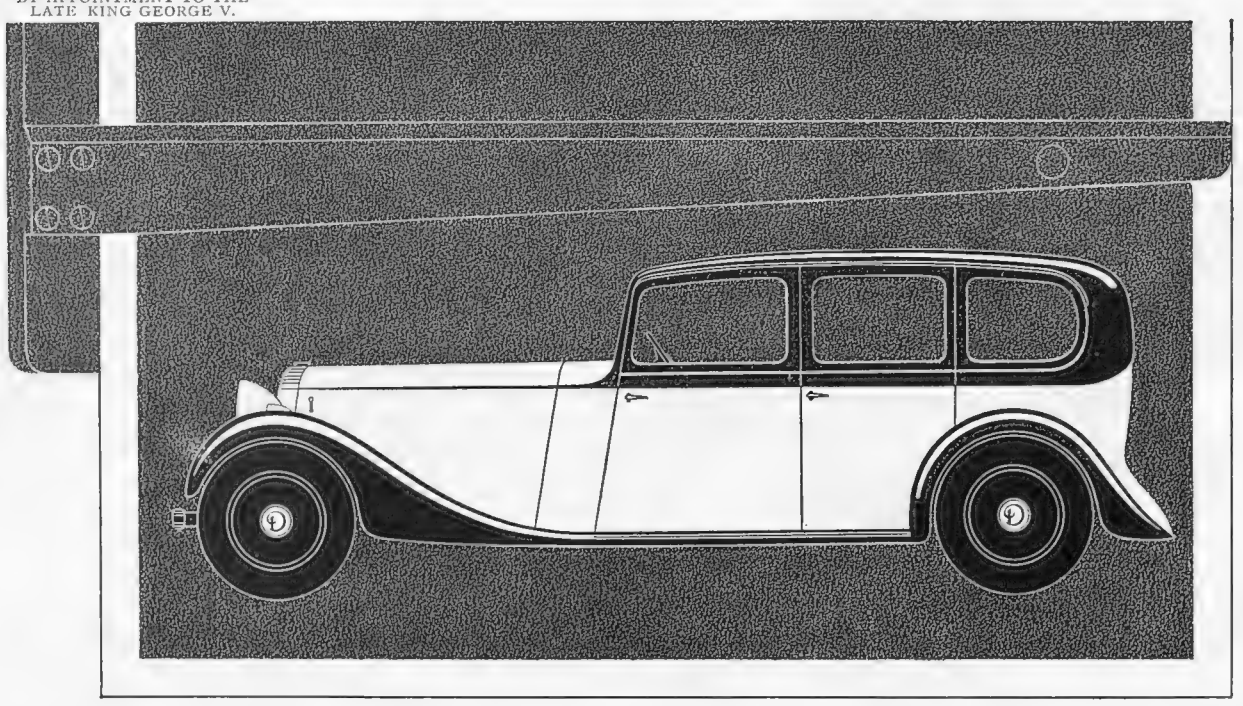

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LONDON

MRS. KAY PETRE, now fully recovered from her serious accident at Brooklands some time ago, with her 2-litre M.G. which she is driving in this week's R.A.C. Rally

THE HILLMAN MINX COUPÉ

Speed with Silence and Smoothness Are the Chief Characteristics of This Popular Car

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ANOTHER car which I tried recently was a Hillman Minx coupé. Of the three models listed of the new Minx chassis this coupé is the most expensive, but this is not surprising because a really good drop-head coupé is a difficult type of body to manufacture if entire satisfaction is to be given to the owner. This car is a good looker and a good goer. In spite of its comparatively small engine its acceleration and speed are apt to make the driver imagine that he has a much larger engine under the bonnet than is actually the case. The engine has four cylinders and the R.A.C. rating is 9.8 with a tax of £7.10.0.

In spite of the small engine size quite a commodious body is provided, and even with a full load the power unit takes the car along at well over 60 m.p.h. on the clock. It is a sweet-running unit and I noticed that when the revs. got somewhere near their maximum there was still practically no vibration whatever. In the specification of the engine, I see that the crankshaft is supported on three main bearings, and these are of generous dimensions, all of which undoubtedly assist in giving the engine this high degree of silence and smoothness. The engine, too, was backed up by a really good team of units.

To start with, the clutch was easy to operate and took up the drive in a quiet gentlemanly manner. The gear-box, which is controlled by a centrally placed lever, provides four forward speeds, all of which give a synchromesh change. The indirect ratios were remarkably silent when engaged and the top gear was more than usually serviceable, the engine providing a high degree of flexibility. I seldom encountered conditions, except when starting away from a standstill, that forced me to drop from top to third. The brakes are of the Bendix type and are well up to the work which they have to do. I did not have to press unduly hard on the pedal to produce the maximum retardation and the pedal gave one a nice progressive action when desired.

The steering was pleasant and in conjunction with the excellent road holding qualities of the car I found that I could get round corners at surprising speeds in the safest possible manner. I happened to have the car in my possession whilst practising for the Campbell Trophy Race at Brooklands was in progress, and on many occasions I found it necessary to go round the course whilst the racing cars were tearing round. In order not to get in the way and to reach a comparatively safe spot in time, I had to take the little Hillman round bends at speeds which I would not in the ordinary way attempt on the road. The car, however, seemed to enjoy this experience and I must say that its performance pleasantly surprised me.

Ever since the Minx was first introduced it has possessed an enviable reputation which the new model will undoubtedly enhance.

Unfortunately, my duties at Brooklands prevented me from being on the road very much during the recent Bank Holiday period, and so I do not know how the new courtesy police functioned. I have seen them on the roads but only when they were stationary, but their appearance seems to have met with approval from motorists in general. Photographs have appeared showing some of these officers undergoing tuition, and on looking at these pictures I seem to recognise one or two policemen whom I have encountered in the past. Had I been asked to select from the Force a certain number who were likely to prove the most courteous I would not have chosen some of those whose pictures I have recognised.

If Lord Cottenham and those who have helped him to create "The Courtesy Cop" have succeeded in making those to whom I have referred really polite representatives of the law I would say that the age of miracles has not yet passed. I consider that the idea is right but it is a bold experiment to embark upon, particularly as I have my doubts whether any individual can be made into an expert efficient driver in a short space of time.

Although electric trafficators have been fitted to cars for quite a considerable time I find in my travels very few drivers who really know for what use they are intended. On several occasions, especially on a fast road, such as the Kingston by-pass I have been following or actually in the act of overtaking a car when, with no warning whatsoever, the driver ahead turns out his right indicator and commences to cross from the extreme left-hand side of the main road into a very minor right-hand turning. Apparently, he does not think in the least of the unfortunate driver who is in the act of overtaking.

If only these careless motorists would give a thought to other road users by way of just glancing in their mirror to see that the road is absolutely clear before making a wide sweep across the road, I am sure there would be considerably fewer accidents and bent wings.

(Continued on page 214)

STARTING FROM SCOTLAND: Mr. Laurie Cade and his son with the Morris O.H.V. 10-4 in which they are competing in the R.A.C. Rally. The car is the same one which acquitted itself with such distinction in the recent Monte Carlo Rally

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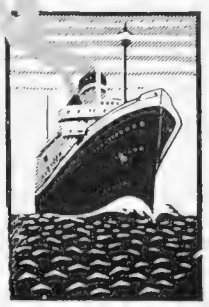

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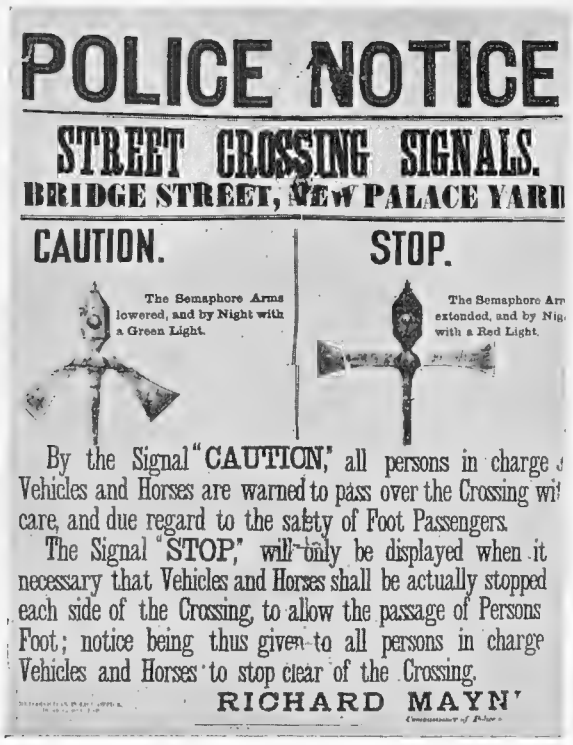


BIRTH OF AN IDEA: This notice was issued by the Commissioner of Police when the first street crossing signal was put up in Westminster seventy years ago

It is not generally known that automatic traffic control originated in this country. America has been credited again and again with having shown us the way in this as in many other directions in which, in reality, she has only followed our lead. The above illustration is a reproduction of the original Police Notice issued on this subject no less than seventy years ago. Richard Mayne, then Commissioner of Police of the City of Westminster, was responsible for the first signal. It was gas-operated and a policeman was always posted with it to take up its duties when, as frequently occurred, it failed to work. One day there was a very loud bang and a blinding flash. When the smoke cleared, there was no sign of the signalling-device—nor of the policeman! After this, the London Constabulary Powers-that-Were rather lost their enthusiasm for the whole idea, and the signals fell into disuse, for the time being, forgotten by Londoners.

THE PETROL WORLD—*continued*

The Coming International Trophy Race at Brooklands

The Highway Code, in my opinion, emphasises the need for signalling in a manner which simply asks for trouble. I have maintained from the very beginning—and I am still of the opinion—that motoring would be much pleasanter and safer if there were no signals at all.

Every driver should control his car in such a manner that he will not get into difficulties, even if cars in sight suddenly stop or alter their course. If no indication were given or expected—as to what the car in front was going to do—the man following would keep at a discreet distance and would overtake only when all the conditions gave him 100 per cent. safety.

At the present time the average motorist thinks he can do just as he likes, provided he gives the appropriate signal. Frequently, drivers become abusive if you ignore their signals, for they consider that by sticking out their hand or their trafficator they have the power of holding up all traffic behind as if they were a constable on duty.

The next big race in the motoring world is the International Trophy at Brooklands on May 7. This event which is organised by the Junior Car Club is one of the outstanding fixtures of the year. It is the only race in this country which provides the spectators with the thrill of a massed rolling start. Last year the Junior Car Club embarked on this innovation and it proved highly successful, and in the coming event this type of start will be repeated.

The J.C.C. is a Club which has contributed perhaps more than most towards making motor racing popular in this country. It was the first organisation to run a long distance race in England.

I well remember when it first proposed to run a 200-mile race at Brooklands, the Club was told the event would turn into a shambles. Something like seventy cars were started off together and most people thought before one lap had been completed the concrete would be red with blood. The Junior Car Club, however, were not in the slightest dismayed by these grim forebodings, and carried their fixture through with the greatest success.

They were likewise the first organisation to persuade the Brooklands authorities to place artificial sandbanks on the actual course so as to provide bends for the competitors to negotiate. This was a lead which several Clubs in this country have copied and even abroad they frequently erect *chicanes* for the same purpose as did the J.C.C. ten or twelve years ago.

CURRENT DRAMA *(Continued from page 201)*

very real pathos, had to return to Mr. Dentist whom even that clever character actor, Mr. Frank Pettingell, could not make other than dull.

Chief of the child conspirators, all of whom needed spanking, was Miss Peggy Bryan, who looks fourteen but is, I am told, a bit older. It says much for her powers as an actress, which are considerable, as well as for her personality, that she was to be endured for more than five minutes. For the authors have written her such a whale of a part and on lines so unlikeable that it is vastly to her credit that she wears her welcome so little.

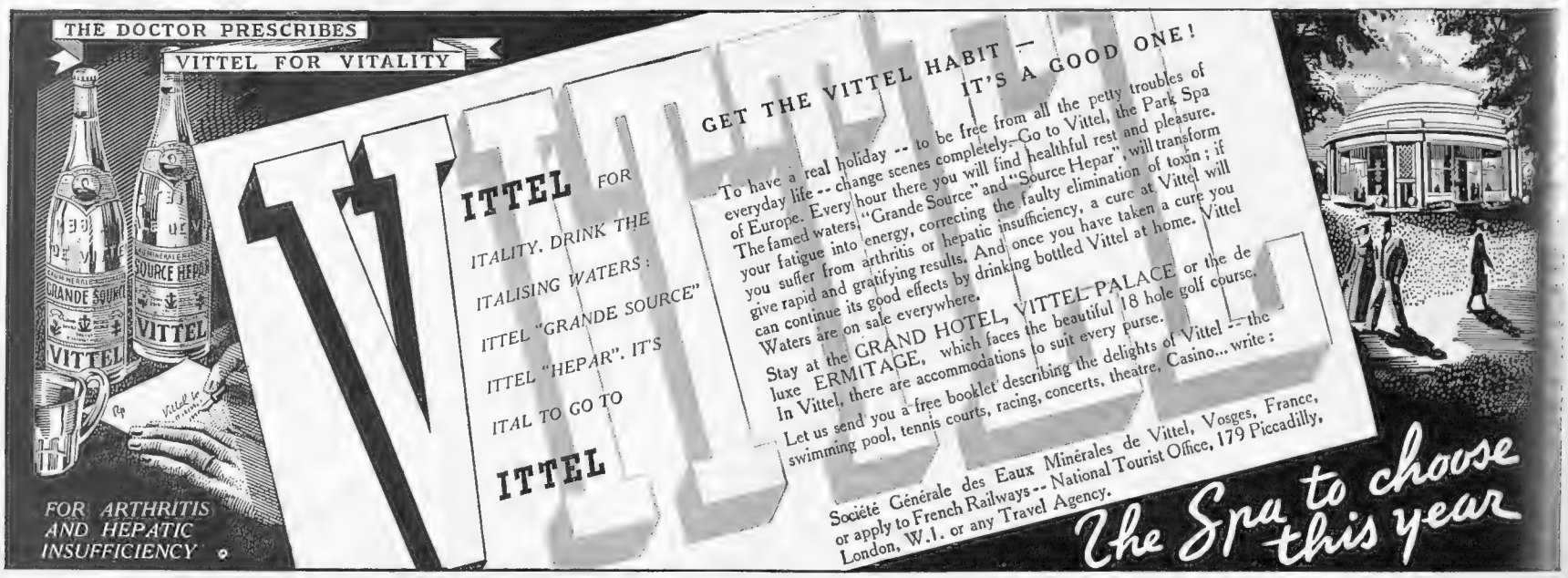
"As Husbands Go."—Mr. Hugh Wakefield is so excellent a comedian and has been away from the London stage so long that it is a pity he chose a farce as thin as *As Husbands Go* in which to make his return. For my part I did not find it too thin for enjoyment, and except for a period in the second act when two women talked and talked at each other without any noticeable fun or any point that I could detect, I spent an amusing evening at the Garrick Theatre.

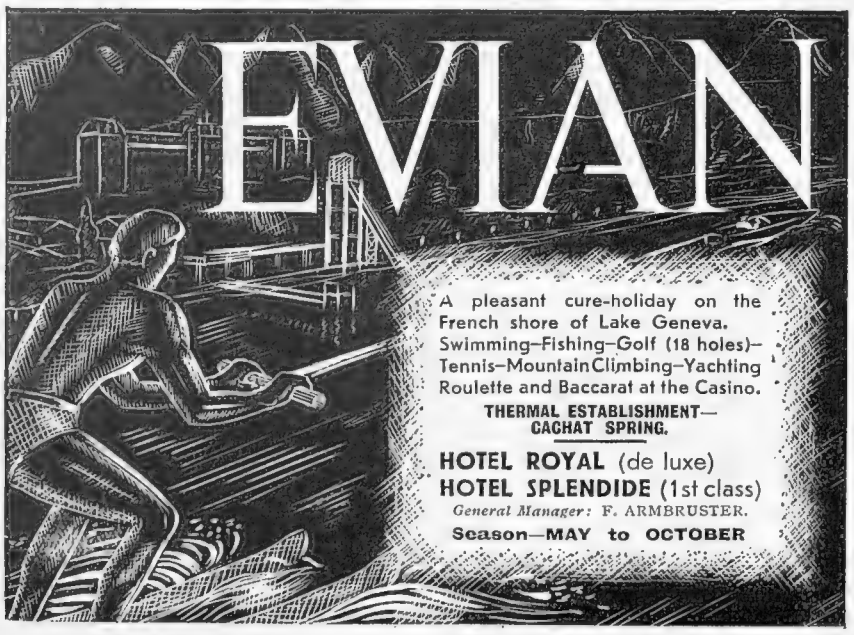
Possibly more use could have been made of a wife's visit to the house in which her husband was living with his mistress (adultery again), but the little story could not have been better acted, and the burlesque fight in the last scene between Mr. Wakefield, who is on the small side, and a hefty professional boxer is much too funny for any description to do it justice.

The High Spirit Ball is to be held at Grosvenor House, W.1 on Thursday, May 12, in aid of The Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Institution. Jack Harris and his band will play during the evening and the cabaret will include such stars as Nellie Wallace, Billy Bennett, Max Miller, and Vic Oliver. The tickets, including champagne supper and buffet, are priced at £2 2s. 0d. and may be obtained from Maj. Pat O'Beirne, 18, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

1,200 poor boys and girls are being given a chance in life by the above Society. Boys of good character are being trained for a life at sea. The quality of their training can be judged by the fact that during the Great War, in the attack on Zeebrugge, an Old "Arethusa" Boy was awarded the V.C., while seven others were awarded the D.S.M. Those boys who are not trained for a life at sea are prepared for definite trades and will always be employable. The girls are trained for a domestic life. Donations are urgently needed to carry on this great work, which was founded ninety-five years ago on St. George's Day. Please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.





THE SPHERE REGISTER of SCOTTISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Abington.—Abington Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
Muchalls (nr. Aberdeen).—Marine Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stirlingshire.—Buchanan Castle.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

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Now, nearly 80,000 Vauxhall owners praise it; confirm that it does change riding into gliding.

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All Vauxhalls — from £168 to £595 — are fitted with the springing that makes bad roads good, good roads better and gives absolutely shock-free scientific steering.

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"ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model and prove its petrol economy.

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in the "10", "12", "14" and "25"

Remarkable Economy
(20% more m.p.g.)

Independent Springing
(changes riding into gliding)

Controlled Synchromesh
(you can't help making a good change)

No-Draught Ventilation
(fresh air without shivers)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

And many other features
most of which were pioneered by Vauxhall, some of which are still exclusive to Vauxhall

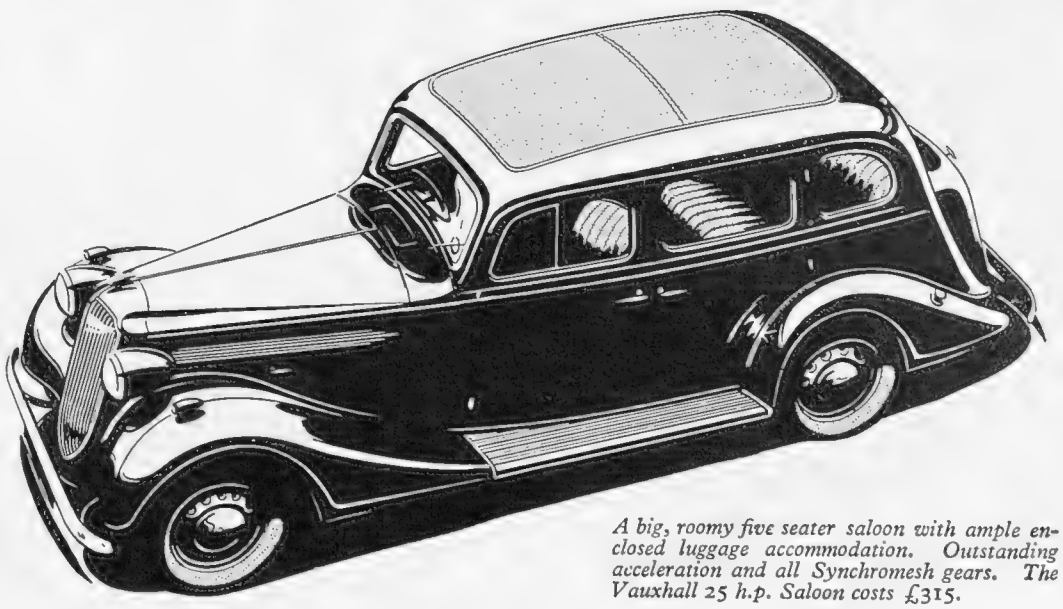
VAUXHALL

10 H.P.
FOUR

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial* the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P.
SIX

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.



A big, roomy five seater saloon with ample enclosed luggage accommodation. Outstanding acceleration and all Synchromesh gears. The Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon costs £315.

14 H.P.
SIX

Britain's most popular "Fourteen." Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial* the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

★

25 H.P.
SIX

Vauxhall's luxury car. Designed to meet world competition. 80 m.p.h. when you want it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial* the 25 h.p. saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gearbox. Hydraulic brakes. Built-in interior heater and defroster. Many other luxuries. Saloon with built-in luggage boot £315.

**Over 1,000 miles of public roads.*

HUNGARY—A LAND OF ROMANTIC CASTLES: Schloss Vajdahunyad and its placid lake—a delightful spot in summer

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

The Warm Lake of Hungary: Through Malaya by Train: The Lure of Britain's Inland Resorts

Hungary.—It is not unlikely that events in Austria will divert some attention to Hungary which, since the war, has been rather overshadowed by its old associate in the dual monarchy. Some of the organised tours aiming at giving the parties peeps at quite a number of countries in the course of a fortnight or so have included it. A day or two in Budapest Spa certainly creates the desire for a much longer stay and a wider exploration of the land of the Magyars. Budapest Spa, with every kind of interest and pleasure, is less than an hour's drive from the vast steppe and the country districts where picturesque native costumes in great variety exert their unfailing fascination. Horse-riding tours strike an unusual note in travel and are an ideal way of doing these things. The Hungarian Plain is encircled by long ranges of lovely wooded mountain dotted with invigorating summer resorts.

Of particular interest is Lake Balaton, 50 miles long, but only 12 ft. deep. To the shallowness is due its surprising warmth, and its many sandy beaches are more suggestive of the seaside than a lake. Lake Balaton is a great play centre for water sports and sailing, and a stay at one of the lakeside resorts is a delightful experience. Balatonfoldvar and Keszthely are the chief sailing centres and Siofok is the fashionable place. Volcanic cliffs at one end and hot sulphur springs at the other are among the contrasts you encounter. There is a thrill too, in being able to talk till all is blue about the Danube!

Malaya.—If your travels happen to take you to the Far East do not miss the opportunity of a closer acquaintance with Malaya which is possible without a change of steamer. Leaving the liner at Penang it is an easy matter to travel through the country by rail and rejoin the vessel at Singapore. The distance is not far short of 500 miles and takes 20 hours or a little more. Railway conditions are so good out there in these days that it is possible to enjoy under ideal conditions the scenery and the wealth of flora and fauna during the daylight part of the run.

In most cases it is possible to stop for a day at Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the Federated Malay States, with many attractive public buildings and gardens. The tin mines in the neighbourhood are easily accessible and well worth a visit. The break in the sea journey may also be made coming from the Far East to Europe. If a longer stay in the country is possible there are Chinese rock temples to be seen, jungles to be penetrated by car along good roads, and delightful hill stations to be visited.

Buxton.—We make a great fetish of the seaside in this country, and those people who dash off to the coast at every opportunity are missing a lot by not knowing more of the inland resorts. You could hardly have a better example than Buxton, "the Spa of blue waters in the Garden of the Peak"—a very apt phrase. It is practically in the centre of England—1,000 ft. above sea level and close at hand are thousands of acres of scenic beauty vested in the National Trust. Dovedale and Monsal Dale have world wide fame and in the neighbourhood are the historic houses of Chatsworth, Hardwick Hall, and Moreton Old Hall.

An enterprising municipal administration has developed a social atmosphere in the place into which the visitor is most cordially welcomed and the hotels play their part in making the Spa a very "live" place. The Spa Plaza, the new luxury hotel, for instance, has behind it the dynamic personality of Captain A. C. N. Dixey, for twelve years the member for Penrith and Cockermouth, a champion of safeguarding duties for the steel industry. This hotel has a great reputation for good taste and cooking and on rising ground overlooks the beautiful Pavilion Gardens right in the heart of the town. Buxton has attracted quite a number of national conferences in recent years.

Bergen.—Every traveller who knows Scandinavia is familiar with this old town, one of the oldest in Norway, but during the present cruising season many tourists will get their first glimpse of it. Built on a hilly peninsula it enjoys a wealth of gorgeous scenery close at hand. One excursion is to the interesting old "Stavkirke," Fantoft Church, a pagoda-like structure dating from the Middle Ages.

If time permits, however, the road journey to Hardangerfjord should not be missed. Until recent times this jewel of the Norwegian fjords was accessible only by sea, but the road, in places an engineering triumph, now makes it a day's outing from Bergen from which it is distant about 60 miles. Snow-capped heights, waterfalls, forests, lakes, and ravines build up a succession of pictures you will never forget.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Copenhagen.—There is a steamer service from Leith which is particularly convenient for Scots travellers, but the vessels take only twelve 1st-class passengers. The single fare is £5, including food, and the journey occupies about 56 hours. There are sailings every Thursday. The quicker route by sea is from Harwich to Esbjerg, the sea passage being 24 hours. The boat train from Esbjerg to Copenhagen does that part of the journey in about 4½ hours. There are also steamer services from Hull, and if you want to get there really quickly the air route is excellent.

Portofino.—This lovely little place not far from Genoa may be what you want in that part of the world. It meets your requirements of being "a more or less unsophisticated small town without a fashionable plage" and has a picturesque harbour. The only drawback is that there is only a small beach at Paraggi nearby. It is safe and sandy, but at Portofino itself there are rocks. The best hotel is the Splendid with a marvellous view of the gulf. It has its own bathing cabins at Paraggi and runs a motor bus free of charge between the hotel and the beach. A double room with full board would cost from 45–60 lire per day. There is also the Piccolo Hotel, at sea level, where the charge would be about 45 lire per day.

Beverley Brooke

The EAST COAST for National Fitness

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The country of golden sands, tonic air, famous resorts, cities of art, spas and beautiful scenery. The Land of inexpensive living.

HOTELS ARE GOOD AND MODERN

The Ardennes

Call or write for Folders "S" at the
BELGIAN TOURIST OFFICE
99 Regent Street, London

'..3-o'clock, then, at the latest'

NOW she has made it known that she's arrived in Town, the clothes you thought had years before them may not seem so sprightly. At Austin Reed's we are always ready with the latest cheviots and tweeds, saxonies and worsteds in every kind of shade and pattern—finished suits in a very wide and carefully worked-out range of fittings.

That is one of the great advantages of the Austin Reed New Tailoring. Clothes for every occasion are waiting—clothes to fit you exactly, tailored at leisure from the finest materials, correct to the last detail of cut and finish—you have only to choose.

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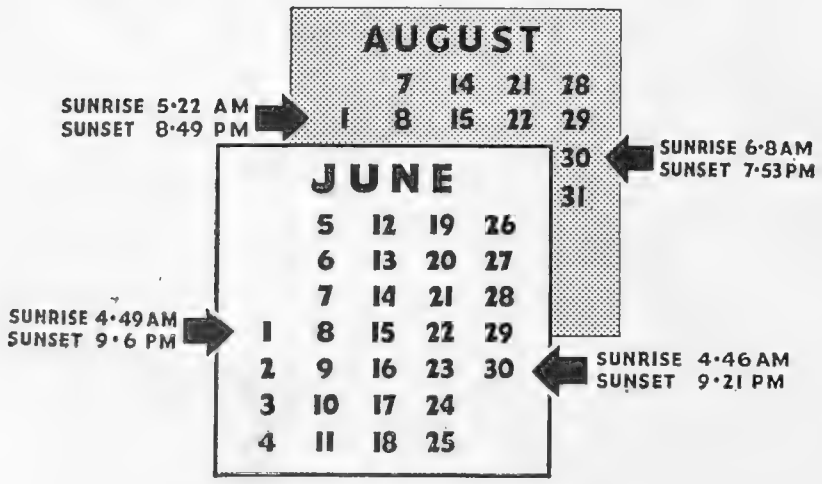
The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!



JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET – 438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer ?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation ?
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- So try a June holiday this year !

BEFORE YOU GO

Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.).

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"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W. 2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR **FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!**

In Quest of

Oban, the Gem of the West: This Delectable Scot

IF a competition were held to decide by popular vote the most beautiful town in Scotland, I feel that Oban would come out at the top of the poll. I admit I am on dangerous ground in expressing such an opinion. The citizens of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth and Inverness will undoubtedly have a good deal to say on the matter—but I should never allow *them* to vote! Only we Sassenachs from across the Border, who are impartial, would be eligible to do so, and Oban would win because natural beauty must ever triumph over beauty which is largely bound up with historic associations.

Oban is the gem of the West. Wake up there one June morning when the blue-green water is sparkling in the sunlight. Watch a Macbrayne steamer threading her way out of what seems a completely land-locked harbour. See the small white yachts scudding here and there—and you will begin to appreciate Oban's beauty.

Nor will it be long before you realise that of all places in Scotland she offers the best centre for exploration . . . especially if you have no car. Here, by steamer, train or motor coach, much of Scotland is accessible: The Western Isles, Loch Lomond, the Caledonian Canal, Fort William, the Pass of Glencoe, the Trossachs, Glasgow Exhibition, and the Clyde.

Admittedly the Lowlands, Balmoral and the Valley of the Dee, St. Andrews, Gullane, Galloway and a host of other places are outside the compass of your activities; but their turn can come another year. To get a general purview of Scotland from one central spot, Oban would be hard to beat.

And now comes the question of where to stay. It certainly was a problem to me the night I arrived, in the second week of September last year. I had thought accommodation would be easily come by, but the Oban Games were on and Oban was packed.

I was in no mood to move on, for "moving on" in Scotland is no small matter. I might have had to go twenty, thirty or more miles to find an hotel. But at the *Great Western Hotel*—though they were absolutely full—they created room for me somehow, and Mr. K. A. W. Slater, the manager, and his staff once again demonstrated that in Scottish hotels as a rule you will be received courteously, and treated as well as circumstances permit.

The next day I went over the Great Western Hotel with Mr. Slater. It is the largest hotel, and, though it is old-fashioned in some respects, it is exceedingly comfortable. And wherever I went in Scotland everyone spoke very highly of its cuisine and service; whilst a number of the younger generation

DORNOCH HOTEL
DORNOCH

Open May to September

Adjoining Royal Dornoch Golf Club
AN HOTEL OF INFINITE CHARM
WHERE SUMMER DAYS ARE LONGEST

RESTAURANT & SLEEPING CARS BY LMS

Arthur Towle, *Controller*, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W. 1

NORTH BERWICK
MARINE HOTEL
ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE

Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Glasgow by road or rail. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage in grounds.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE : Manager W. A. THIEM : Telephone 366

PERTHSHIRE — CASTLE HOTEL, GLENDEVON

A luxuriously appointed hotel with every modern convenience in the heart of the Perthshire Highlands and under the personal supervision of the Resident Directors. Altitude 850 ft. Situated in 7½ acres of own grounds. Gleneagles golf 15 mins., 9 hole course, 5 mins. Excellent loch and river fishing free. 15,000 acres of shooting. Fully licensed. Unrivalled position for motoring and walking.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. *Telephone and telegrams Muckhart 27.*
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Among the hills of the Borderlands; 48 miles from Empire Exhibition. Famous Willie Wastle's Cocktail Bar; Trout fishing on Tweed and Talla. Tariff free.
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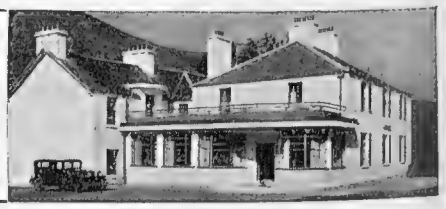
'Phone: Polmood 2. 'Grams: "Crook, Polmood."



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37 miles from Glasgow
35 ,, ,, The Exhibition
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H. and C. water throughout : : GARAGE . : Telephone: Abington 205

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

West": Where to Stay in tish Seaside Resort

said I must on no account miss the modern cocktail bar. And I didn't!

Whilst in Oban I took the opportunity of visiting her other principal hotels, and such is the hospitality of the Scottish race that they all made me promise I would stay with them the next time I visited Oban. So it seems as if I shall have to use the judgment of Solomon and stay one night at each.

The Station Hotel.—There is no mistaking the Station Hotel by night, as it is floodlit; nor is there any mistaking its homely touch within. Every year the whole hotel is entirely booked up for the Games for the following year—and what better place could there be for this gathering of the clans.

Miss Macdonald, the manageress, will give you a welcome at any time but the period of the Games, and it is the type of hotel that you will remember for its genuinely old-fashioned comfort.

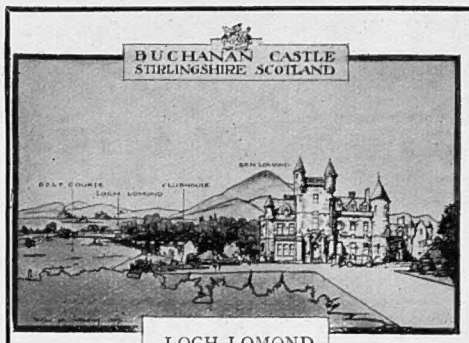
Park Hotel.—Full marks to Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael and their son for the modern note of attractiveness they have struck. Everything here blends, without being garish. There is restfulness, colour, and good taste predominates.

The Park is certainly one of the most up-to-date hotels in the Western Highlands, and I look forward to a return visit, when I can eat food off their attractive china, and sample their rather exciting wine list.

Alexandra Hotel.—This hotel stands rather apart from the other hotels, in its own grounds, on the esplanade and overlooking Oban Bay. There is a certain old-fashionedness about it, yet it has very definite modern features—especially the cocktail bar and sun lounge. Its position is really lovely, and it has the advantage of a bathing beach opposite or at Ganavan Sands which are very close.

Marine Hotel.—The Marine Hotel lies on the esplanade, and is another instance of an old-fashioned hotel being modernised. There is a great personal touch and thoroughness about the Marine which I quickly sensed. It is run by a family consisting of a mother and her two sons. The mother has had not only the satisfaction of building a successful business from scratch, but also the greater satisfaction of knowing that her sons are now fully competent to carry on and still further enhance the already enviable reputation of the Marine.

All the above hotels are only open during the season—that is from about Easter to October. Their inclusive terms range from 5 guineas to 7 guineas a week—according to the hotel, the room, and the season.



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FOR EMPIRE EXHIBITION GLASGOW Stay at

BUCHANAN CASTLE

(Seat of the Duke of Montrose)
Eighteen Miles from Exhibition

Eighteen Hole Championship Golf Course, Tennis, Fishing, all within a few miles of the Famous and Beautiful Trossachs.

Every Modern Convenience

For Tariff and Particulars apply Manageress, Buchanan Castle, Drymen, Glasgow.

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LOCKERBIE HOUSE HOTEL

(25 miles North of Carlisle)

IS YOUR FIRST STOPPING PLACE IN SCOTLAND.

Phone: Lockerbie 150. *TARIFF ON APPLICATION.*

Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the

FOREST HILLS HOTEL

offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom, and a cuisine that is above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Telephone 210. Fully Licensed.

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THOUSANDS of Sassenachs will visit Scotland this spring . . . and at The Marine we are waiting to show them Scotland at her best. A first-class hotel with a high standard of comfort, good cooking and good company, showing Scottish hospitality at its best, three first-class golf-courses at our door and five more within a radius of five miles, sandy beaches and bathing . . . and a fine climate with an abnormally low rainfall, all await you at

THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE

EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND

Moderate terms. Write now to H. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone: Gullane 106

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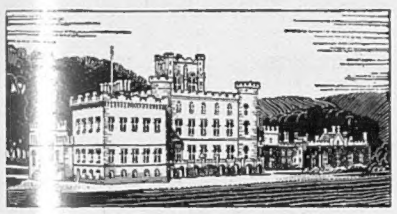
Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms. All Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.

Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.

Telephone: 14.

Further Particulars apply Manageress.

400 YEARS OLD—YET A MODERN HOTEL



Four centuries ago, Taymouth Castle stood guard against plundering highland clans. But now—beautifully decorated and furnished, it welcomes you as a first-class hotel. In its own private 500 acres you can golf on a course designed by Braid; fish, play tennis and badminton. And there's even a modern dance-floor. Spend a week or a week-end here this summer!

TAYMOUTH CASTLE

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PERTH—STATION HOTEL

(Adjoins Station)

100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating Throughout

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FISHER'S HOTEL

In own beautiful grounds amidst finest scenery in Perthshire Highlands. Ideal for Restful Holiday.

Central heating throughout. Large Public-Rooms. Garage. 18-Hole Golf Course 10 minutes walk. Terms on application. *Telephone No. 12—Address Manageress.*

ALWAYS A WELCOME AT

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THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.

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Over 1,100 feet above sea level.

For a restful and magnificent Holiday. Situated amongst Scotland's finest Scenery.

THE INVERCAULD ARMS HOTEL

Leading and Best.

Patronised by the Royal Family and the Court. 18-hole Golf Course. Tennis. Motor Garage.

Tel.: Braemar 203. H. & C. water throughout. Central Heating. *Resident Proprietor: J. GREGOR*

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Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

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GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

Private Pier. **Craft of all kinds for hire.**

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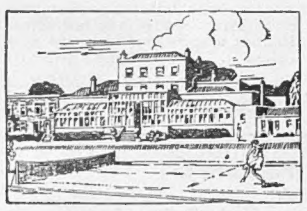

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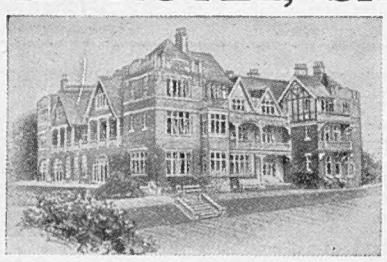

Lift

Self-contained Suites

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R.A.C. A.A.

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In Quest of

The Lure of Jersey, with Its the Islanders Quickly Make the

ST. BRELADE'S Bay Hotel lies in the curve of *the* most beautiful of all the bays in that most attractive island of Jersey, the most southern of the Channel Isles.

French-windows opened out from my bedroom on to a balcony. Either here or from my bed I looked out on to the bluest of blue waters, cliffs ablaze with golden gorse, and a wide stretch of firm yellow sands. To my right was the hotel garden, a feast of spring flowers whose scent wafted up to my room as I lay in bed. To my left stood a Spanish oak, whose great spread helped to complete the picture of an unusually perfect surround.

Jersey had so publicised herself in my mind as a resort where battles of flowers, bathing belles and carnivals generally held sway, that I was especially surprised to find that it is only in the busy holiday season that you are made conscious of this side of her gaiety and then only in one corner of the Island.

For the rest of the year, nine months at least, she is gay with natural beauty. Her climate is soft and sunny, and the Islanders quickly make you feel at home.

Jersey to my mind provides the happy solution for those who want to have a change from the usual English holiday and yet do not want to go abroad.

Here is the novelty of complete change. You hear tell of "The States," the local governing authority. You note that the traffic control is carried out by the unemployed, and better still, cigarettes can be bought at twenty for 6d. and beer at 4d. a pint. Then when you wander amongst Jersey's country lanes, and perhaps get lost because sign-posts are few and far between, you notice that every inch of soil is cultivated, that potatoes are growing everywhere (to be followed by tomatoes), that cabbages grow to 6 ft. high and that the fields have gate posts but no gates.

Everywhere too, you see the famous Jersey breed of cows, tethered so they do not overeat themselves on Jersey's luscious grass; and often wrapped with waterproof cloth, which, as the local wags will tell you, is to ensure that the rain does not get into the milk.

Only 12 miles long by 5 miles broad, Jersey is an island of delicious contrasts and she offers hotel accommodation for those contrasting types which visit her, the popular summer invasion, and the more selective spring, autumn, and winter visitor.

I saw during my short stay, every bay in the Island. I visited and made inquiries about many of her best known and lesser known hotels. I danced at the place to dance in the Island, West Park Pavilion, St. Helier, and I could not have wanted a better dance band, a better floor . . . or price of admission (3s.). I had an excellent lunch one day at the Ommaroo Hotel, well known for its good class clientele, at Havre des Pas. I had tea on two afternoons at a most attractive little hotel (famous for

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140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
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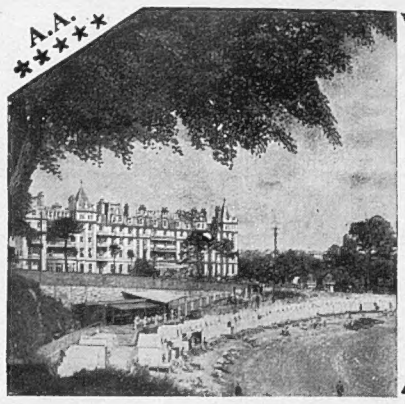

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GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Band play nightly.
Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234

If it's pleasure . . . .

you're seeking in London then why not add to it the joy of comfortable living? At Hans Crescent Hotel you'll find it at its quietest and best—with a first-class cuisine in addition. Harrods, Hyde Park and Theatres close by. Ideal for Receptions and Private Dances. Sprung Dance Floor. Brochure from Manager on request.

Telephone: Sloane 3421. Telegrams: Hancrestel, London.

HANS CRESCENT HOTEL

Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Soft and Sunny Climate, where Holidaymaker Feel at Home

its date scones) over-looking Bonne Nuit Bay, and another afternoon discovered the quaintest of inns, much of it built out of the solid rock, and authentically once the resort of smugglers.

I also visited—because I keep an ever watchful eye on THE SPHERE hotel register—two hotels in St. Helier whose names I had noticed there for some time, Bree's Royal Hotel and the Beaufort Hotel.

They are both in St. Helier, but at different ends; both are excellent in their own category. Bree's Royal Hotel offers old-fashioned comfort, plus modern essentials, really first-class English cooking, and remarkably low inclusive terms.

The Beaufort is the country house type of hotel, lying in sheltered grounds yet not half a minute from the leading cinema.

One's first impression, which was afterwards confirmed by a visitor, was that it was spotlessly clean, charmingly furnished and excellently situated. I can quite appreciate why it is so popular the year round.

And then each evening I came back to what all admitted to be the nicest bay of the Island, and I returned to an hotel which was simply perfect, because it was perfectly simple. Particularly do I commend St. Brelade's Bay Hotel for the attention of those coming home from overseas or for anyone looking for a home in an hotel. It is an hotel which, like the Island, adapts itself to its visitors.

You can dress for dinner or come in plus fours straight off the golf links, ten minutes away. You can have your preprandial appetiser in the cocktail bar and your post-prandial liqueur in the "local" attached, or vice versa.

There is a wide choice of lounges, a beautiful garden and for an hotel where parents would like to take their children it is ideal as the sands are just outside the door and the bathing is exceptionally safe. In fact, St. Brelade's Bay is one of the few places I would really like to live in and ultimately die in, but for the time being it must remain . . . just a memory.

It is now 12.30 p.m. At 1.30 today, and every day except Sunday, a plane will take off from Heston Airport direct for Jersey. In an hour-and-a-half (possibly less when there is a following wind) it will glide to earth at Jersey Airport, ten minutes' run only from St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

Happy thought. I left my glasses behind on the Island at Easter-time. I must return next week-end to retrieve them.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted.*

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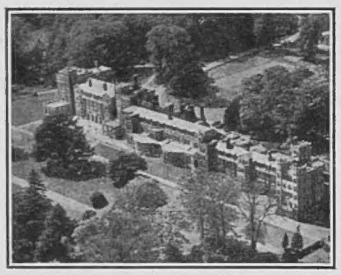
SANDERSTEAD • SURREY

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.



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Illustrated brochure free on request.

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ABERGELE

Delightful Residential, Holiday and Spa Centre. Magnificent fifteenth century mansion—modernised. 1,000 acres of parkland; own golf course; near sea. All games. Riding, shooting, fishing, etc. etc.

SPA TREATMENTS—including famous Continental PISTANY MUD—under resident Medical supervision. Excellent cuisine. Special diets.

Brochure and terms from Secretary:

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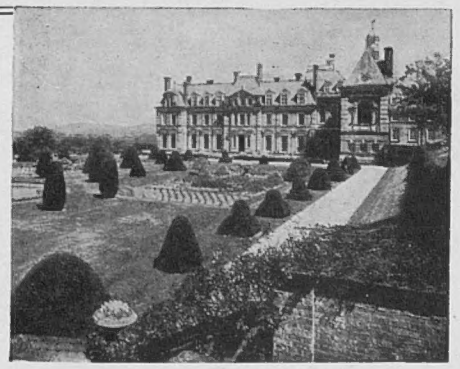

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 23
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford (Hants.).—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shrewsbury.—Raven Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

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Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
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